JULY 14, 1947

New Republic

JUL 11 1947

AFTER PARIS

What Europe Will Do

by Special Correspondents

Next Steps for U.S.

by Henry Wallace

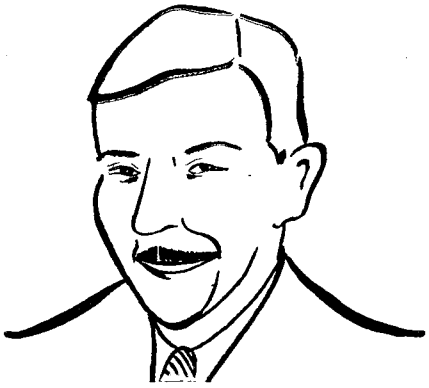
15 CENTS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Meet Jennings Perry . . .

Author, editor, outstanding southern liberal and featured columnist for the newspaper PM since October, 1946

Jennings Perry, native Tennessean, has been a leader of southern liberal forces for many of his 47 years. Bitterly opposed to ". . . the manner in which we are talking our world into an atomic war . . ." he "fired" himself as editor of the Nashville Tennessean when he objected to the publisher's order for an editorial chiding Henry A. Wallace . . . "for his efforts to sabotage the peace efforts of Byrnes" and calling on Wallace to resign from the cabinet.



Here's a sample of one of his columns. (From PM, Sunday, June 22nd)

MY GOOD grandfather Walter Scott Jennings used to read me Kipling. I've always remembered him fondly for it. We would sit under the maples on his bluegrass lawn at Franklin in summer and he would read from *Plain Tales of the Hills* and the *Barrack Room Ballads*, and I was content.

My grandfather had a gray chin-beard like Winfield Scott. He was an erect man with a deep quiet voice. When I sat at his feet, I was always aware that he was *Captain* Jennings, that he had organized his own company—the Davidson Grays, and that his house was on the very edge of the Battlefield. The old brick house next door actually had been pierced by a cannon ball and you could see where the hole had been patched with brick of a different color.

My grandfather fought in the Battle Above the Clouds at Lookout Mountain, and at Stones River. He intended to fight in the Battle of Franklin, right at his own home, but they started the battle before he was ready. Consequently he and some other officers were having breakfast at the old Sheirs Place, 20 miles away on the Columbia turnpike, when they heard the cannonade. By the time they rode up the battle was over; the Federals held the field and the Confederates, bloodily defeated, had withdrawn.

My grandfather's long gilt sword hung in the hall at his house, and for a while I admired it tremendously. One day I asked him how many Yankees he had killed with it. He looked grave and said, "None I hope son." I never told him how disappointed I felt that day. But when you've had the life of Robert E. Lee in school *before* they ever show you an American history, and your great-uncle Marsh has told you all about the "blizzard" of bullets in the Peach Orchard at Shiloh, and great-uncle Vanden all about Pickett's Charge, you naturally expect a lot of your own grandfather's sword.

My grandfather retreated before Sherman on Atlanta and fought the Battle of Resaca Bridge and was wounded there and taken prisoner. And none of it seemed very long ago, and doesn't yet when you're around those long-smoothed-out battlefields, though the last of *those* veterans is dead. This is because, of course, the memory of battles clings rather at the places of strife than in the minds of the warriors; and because that was the only war that ever has been fought on that soil.

That is why in places like Baltimore and Bennington, Vt., when the people speak of "the war" they mean Francis Scott Key's war and the battle of 1777, while the names of most of the islands from which we so recently chased the Japs already are by most of us forgotten.

My grandfather's war half-a-century after it happened was only yesterday—I felt, when my grandfather was reading Kipling from the green-backed book on his lawn hard by the battlefield. And I felt that at times my grandfather was unnecessarily reticent about it, though later I fancied that might be because of his wound.

My grandfather was wounded in the heel—by a minié ball, at Resaca. And such a wound, I can understand now, did not comport with the dignity and courage of a man like my grandfather.

I remember well how I first heard of it—the first and only time—from my own father who, being himself a man of ripe years and a colleague of my grandfather in the state legislature, could take a liberty.

"Captain," he said, with a laugh in his eye, "tell us about where the Yankees shot you."

I think that was the way the question was phrased, though the part that impressed me, and still does, was what followed. For my grandfather was visibly affronted. He drew himself up even straighter than he always stood. His beautiful old head was thrown back and his gray chin-beard quivered ever so slightly. There was a proud glint in his full stern eyes.

"They winged me—I've told you before, sir," he said—"when I turned around to call my men to come on!"

And I who looked on appalled had not a doubt then, nor have I now, but that it happened exactly that way.

Read Jennings Perry in PM Daily and Sunday

Special PM Subscription Offer

Sundays Only—35 weeks
Daily Only—15 weeks
Daily and Sunday—10 weeks

$3.00

PM
the newspaper of Comment

SUNDAY ONLY—35 WEEKS ☐ DAILY ONLY—15 WEEKS ☐
DAILY AND SUNDAY—10 WEEKS ☐ *(check one)*

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

N. R. 3

Mail this coupon now to PM, P. O. Box 81, Times Square Station, New York, N. Y., with your money order or check for $3.00.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Republic

CONTENTS FOR JULY 14, 1947

3 Washington Wire
5 News in Focus
13 Henry Wallace
16 Lobbyist for Wool
19 The Soap Operas
24 Toynbee's Mystic World
27 Books in Review
30 Radio
31 Farm
33 Labor
34 Movies
36 United Nations News
37 Correspondence
38 Music
39 Bandwagon

EDITOR: *Henry A. Wallace*

PUBLISHER: *Michael Straight*

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: *William D. Patterson*

EDITORIAL DIRECTOR: *Bruce Bliven*

EXECUTIVE EDITOR: *Francis Brennan*

MANAGING EDITOR: *Norman Grieser*

WASHINGTON EDITOR: *William Walton*

SENIOR EDITORS: *Helen Fuller, William Harlan Hale, Robert Hatch, James R. Newman, Theodore H. White*

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: *Lew Frank Jr., Elizabeth Huling, George Mayberry*

ASSOCIATE ART EDITOR: *James Grunbaum*

ASSISTANT EDITORS: *Jane Bedell, Jean Begeman, Lynn Chase, Jan Hasbrouck, Graham Hovey, Joseph Lyford, Richard Strouse, Thomas Whiteside*

STAFF CONTRIBUTORS: *Saul Carson, Malcolm Cowley, Ralph G. Martin, Angus McDonald, Charles Miller, Shirley O'Hara, Thomas Reynolds, Vincent Sheean, Willard Shelton, Cecil Smith, Stark Young*

LIBRARIAN: *Patricia Kuhnel*

RESEARCHERS: *Elizabeth Bigler, Barbara Greenfeld, Naomi Horowitz, Sally Howell, Rita Raphael, Ruth Tarcov, Myriam Wilson*

TREASURER: *Daniel Mebane*

ADVERTISING MANAGER: *E. G. Wood*

CIRCULATION MANAGER: *Eric Shumway*

PRODUCTION MANAGER: *Anthony J. Ballo*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1947, IN THE U. S. A. BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49 ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. SINGLE COPY, 15¢; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, SIX DOLLARS; CANADA & FOREIGN, SEVEN DOLLARS. PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

Washington Wire

Battle of the Century

A SPECIAL fall session of Congress is now almost certain, probably in September, to deal with the Marshall plan. Agreement won't be easy, there may be the battle of the century, and the session may last right through to the regular session in January. For good or ill, Russia's withdrawal at Paris has greatly improved the chances that Congress will come through with further aid, depending first, however, on what European nations are willing to do to help themselves. The aid will take the form of further emergency financing of foreign purchasing. A new super agency is likely to be proposed to handle the job, consider possible controls, and deal with an equivalent agency set up by Western European countries.

Europe's dollar shortage is mounting. One high government economist estimates the present excess of American exports over imports is running at a rate four times that of last January. What Europe needs most is to have exports continued at their present scale. Since Europe can't pay for them in goods, they will have to be underwritten by Washington. This will probably not put any more strain on our economy than it now carries, and it is taking the present situation in stride.

WAY back in 1929, economists were fooled as much as anybody else by the depression. Top economists, who should have known better, said it would be all over "by Christmas." We have seen a series of similar bad guesses recently. In 1945, it was freely predicted that there would be up to "10 million unemployed" six months after the war ended. Conservatives laughed at that miscalculation when the slump didn't come; then they went on to make their own classic mistake, prophesying that prices would drop sharply when the OPA died.

Today the big enigma is The Recession. Forecasters are growing more cautious. The government announced 58.3 million people employed, an all-time high. Corporation profits in the first half of 1947 were the highest in history.

Harvard economist John H. Williams, who is a New York Federal Reserve Bank vice-president on the side, flatly told the Taft committee last week that no convincing evidence of a recession has yet appeared "and if one should occur, it seems unlikely to be serious or prolonged." Is he right? The forthcoming economic report by President Truman, based on special new studies prepared by his able Council of Economic Advisers (Edwin G. Nourse, Leon H. Keyserling and Dr. John D. Clark) will again stress the need for price reductions and wage adjustments to head off a slump. As in its January figures, there are deeply disturbing economic factors—exorbitant prices, the housing debacle and the declining rate of national savings.

But these now seem to be increasingly balanced by at least five short-term factors. These are Congress' renewed $4 billion tax-reduction drive; its drive to allow ex-GI's to cash their $2 billion of five-year terminal-leave bonds immediately, over Treasury protest; its inflationary drive to end "Regulation," the wartime restrictions on instalment buying; its bill to reduce postal-savings interest to one percent, which might push another half-billion dollars of purchasing power into the market; and, finally, Congress' laudable move to bolster world recovery by extending additional credit. Whatever the motives, the overall effect of all these measures is inflationary. They might delay a slump, but make it worse when it comes.

STATEHOOD for Hawaii, approved by the House last week, has a sentimental appeal and a good deal may be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXCLUSIVE NEW REPUBLIC ARTICLES

KEEP YOU AHEAD OF THE NEWS!

The case of "Peron's Atomic Plans"

When *New Republic* carried an exclusive article on how Argentina includes top-flight European nuclear scientists in a program to exploit rich new uranium discoveries, it turned out to be a real Atomic Scoop. ¶ Two days after publication of this significant news in *NR*, a major press bureau confirmed the facts of the article. Twenty-four hours after that another leading press association caught up with the story; made up for lost time with a new twist which splashed it on the front pages of every U. S. newspaper! ¶ This is just one more example of how *New Republic* and its active, young, but highly trained staff, under Editor Henry Wallace, serves in keeping you ahead of the news; keeping you widely informed on political and economic issues; vital social and cultural developments so important to your future security. ¶ A 17-week test of *New Republic* for $2 is offered as proof. *Try the next 17 issues today. Sign and mail coupon now. Or, if you already subscribe—give a gift subscription.*

New Republic
40 East 49th Street, New York 17, N. Y.
Send me 17 weeks of the New Republic at trial rate of $2 ☐; *or* 1 year for $6 ☐.
(Canadian & Foreign $2.35 for 17 weeks, $7 a year)
☐ Send bill ☐ Remittance enclosed
*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City & Zone*_____
*State*_____
7-14-47

New Republic

clip and mail today

said for it. But statehood means two Hawaiian members of the US Senate, with voting power equal to that of New York State. The natural desire for statehood of outlying dependencies like Hawaii, Alaska, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands runs into the rigid and outdated system of allocating Senators under the Constitution. These four putative "states" would have eight Senators among them.

As outlying possessions, they would be particularly interested in treaties. The Constitution puts treaty-ratification into the hands of the Senate alone, and requires a two-thirds majority. Thus these eight new Senators, if they combined against a given treaty, could cancel out 16 affirmative votes from states possibly carrying a vastly greater weight of industry, wealth and population. What really ought to be done is to revise our constitutional system, which now gives unfair representation in the Senate to sparsely settled agricultural areas as against metropolitan centers.

NOTES. – More than by any other argument, the Taft-Hartley Act was passed on the premise that it "would put John L. Lewis in his place"; now the bill is law and Lewis has just signed the most favorable agreement in his career. Real pressure of the Taft Hartley Act will fall on unions least able to meet it, and its full effects won't show up until later, when mass unemployment sets in. . . . With the country crying for leadership, Governor Dewey is away on his 4,500-mile "sight-seeing" campaign trip in which he plans to steer clear of all current issues; he will give a strong handshake instead of comment and a flashing smile instead of guidance. The funny thing is that under our quaint party system the Dewey formula will presumably land him the GOP nomination. . . . Congressional observers aren't at all certain that two contradictory policies won't be simultaneously approved in the months ahead —Treasury support for European purchases at taxpayers' expense, and high tariffs so Europe can't pay them back. . . . It's a toss-up whether Congress can quit by August, let alone July 26, as now hoped.

Washington T. R. B.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Republic

VOLUME 117, NUMBER 2, ISSUE 1702, NEW YORK CITY, JULY 14, 1947

News in Focus

Bread in Our Time

IF NOT peace, then food in our time is Europe's hope on the eve of the second Paris conference on the Marshall plan.

For a brief while, the address of Secretary Marshall at Harvard had seemed to promise more. To many progressive Europeans the speech seemed to point up a new highroad toward solution of the continent's two major problems—the healing of the breach between West and East, and the propping up of tottering national economies (see pages 10, 11, 12 and 13). But at last week's Paris conference of the British, Russian and French Foreign Ministers, the old road-blocks, larger than ever before, showed up on the new highway. The pronouncement of a great soldier, turned statesman, at a New England academic function, revealed itself as no panacea when laid out for dissection at a Paris conference table. In Molotov's farewell to Paris, Europeans generally saw a disheartening indication that the problems of peace and bread in our time will not be solved together.

The second Paris conference can only be a second-best conference. Among the 22 nations bidden to attend, there have been many advances and sulky retreats. Some men on the Left profess to find sweetness in sour grapes. Some, indeed, declared that an effort to achieve a European economic community without the Soviet Union is better than no effort at all. Others go so far as to maintain that it is altogether better this way, that the only chance of success lies in the abstention of the Russians. American conservatives inside and outside the State Department, who looked on Marshall's offer as a foolhardy gesture, breathed a sigh of relief when Molotov went home.

All over Europe, the rightist elements of the political Left appear to be gaining at least a superficial strength from the failure of the tripartite conference. And the decision of Bevin and Bidault to go ahead without Molotov is regarded almost everywhere, except in the Soviet Union and among Communists in other countries, as a victory for Secretary Marshall. The question is: "What kind of victory?"

In Moscow the answer is: a temporary one, the preface to a more serious setback. It is argued in the Soviet capital that the US needs Europe economically more than Europe needs America.

There were doubts in other circles, too, especially among left-wing British and French Socialists. Some warn that any US "victory" that divided Europe might be worse than Pyrrhic. But on the political Right and among anti-Communist leftists, the cynical verdict is: a victory for realism, and high time, too.

Men of greater hope took stock of what there was to do if the wish-thought of the cynics were to be dispelled. Per force they looked beyond the second-best Paris conference and toward the Kremlin and the US Congress.

Surprise! Surprise!

GENERALISSIMO FRANCISCO FRANCO asked this rhetorical question last week: Do you want me to stay on as head man, with a mere king or regent to follow me? No other candidates ran for the plush, lifetime job.

Threatened with amputation of their civil rights, some Spaniards put tongue in cheek and trudged to the polls; others took a chance and went fishing. Some said no, then ran all the way home. It was a landslide for *El Caudillo* —19 out of 20 said *Si, Señor.* Then they burned the ballots.

A Test for the UN

AT PARIS, nations acting independently failed to agree on reconstruction. At the UN, the last common meeting ground, an equally dangerous situation may be developing.

Supporting Warren R. Austin's stand on the report of the UN's Balkan commission, Alexander Cadogan last week told the Security Council: "If we cannot apply proposals such as those submitted by the commission, and the United States resolution, we had better tear up the Charter—and pack up."

Cadogan did not reiterate Austin's blunt request for the use of force to settle the Balkan problem. But he was clearly setting the stage for what may well be a showdown in the Security Council.

After three months in Greece, Albania, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia, the Council's Balkan Investigating Commission had returned with majority recommendations which the Polish and Russian representatives rejected outright. The commission made these recommendations:

¶ That all four countries "do their utmost to establish normal good-neighborly relations. . . ."

¶ That they enter into conventions to regulate and control their common frontiers.

¶ That a UN border commission be maintained for at least two years to handle future difficulties. It would be composed of representatives from Security Council member nations; it would observe and report on frontier violations; it would use its good offices to settle incidents and would report to the Security Council at least every three months.

¶ That the passage of refugees across

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the borders be controlled in so far as possible and that all refugees be prevented from indulging in political and military activities; that refugee camps be placed under UN supervision.

¶ That arrangements for the voluntary transfer of minorities be concluded by the governments concerned.

As the Council debate began, Austin noted that "although the Charter contemplates the pacific settlement of a dispute of this kind, we cannot overlook the fact that the Charter also contemplates enforcement action when a situation becomes aggravated to a sufficient extent to warrant it. . . . Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Albania have been using force against the territorial integrity and political independence of Greece."

Belgium, Brazil and the United Kingdom have supported the commission's conclusions. Yugoslavia's representative, Dr. Joza Vilfan, replied that the report was formulated "on the basis of a judgment created in advance and of special interests."

Members of the UN Secretariat are alarmed over the extreme nationalisms and conflicts produced by this report. They look on it as one of the last chances for a much weakened Security Council to prove its effectiveness. They fear no tearing up of the Charter, but a possible breakdown of the Security Council if the issue is drawn and action is prevented by use of the veto power.

Big Steel, Big Coal and Big John

by Helen Fuller

As this is written, there seems little doubt that John L. Lewis has won a special, separate deal from industry.

Only some last-minute slip can delay the return to work of the United Mine Workers under the best contract yet obtained from the mine operators, a contract that puts them at the very top wage level of American workingmen. But unlike past agreements, this one was forced as much by top-layer big business as by the Mine Workers themselves. At least 60 percent of the coal operators were prepared to bulwark themselves behind the Taft-Hartley Act and hold out until the Mine Workers scaled down their demands. But big business had other ideas.

When the government turned the bituminous mines back to the private owners on June 30, a coal strike seemed certain. Negotiations looking toward a new contract in July had broken down in late May, when Illinois and Indiana operators followed the feudal Southern operators' walkout on meetings with Lewis. There were immediate wildcat strikes all over the coal country.

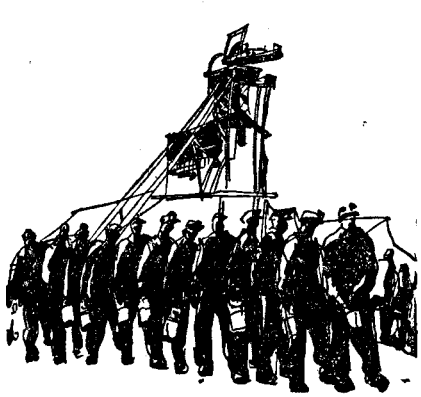
Then the miners went off on the 10-day vacation with pay they had been granted under their contract with the government. Stockpiles dwindled. Export orders, held mostly by the big Appalachian operators, began to pile up. Short of coal, steel companies slowed down production.

But acting secretly, Big Steel, Big Coal and Big John soon got everything fixed up. During the last week of June, Benjamin Fairless, president of US Steel, and George Humphrey, chairman of Pittsburgh Consolidation Coal Company, slipped quietly into Washington and made a hotel-room agreement to meet Lewis' demands almost in toto. (US Steel controls the largest group of "captive," or steel-supplying, mines. Pittsburgh Consolidation is the world's largest commercial soft-coal producer.) US industry knows that Ben Fairless never makes a major move that has not first been cleared with the Morgan Empire high command in Wall Street.

A few days later, Lewis, Humphrey, Harry Moses, acting for Fairless, and Charles O'Neill, who had joined the group as representative of the Northern Appalachian operators, had worked out all the details. The other 60 percent of the operators still did not know what was going on, but Lewis and the miners were to get:

1. A $6-per-week raise, to approximately $65 per week for a standard five-day, 40-hour week, instead of the wartime nine-hour day with overtime. That will amount to an increase of 31.5 cents an hour, more than double the 15-cent increase CIO steel, auto and electrical unions won after hard negotiating earlier this year.

2. Increased royalty payments for the miners' welfare fund—from five to 10 cents per ton.



3. General acceptance of the federal mine-safety-code provisions.

4. Coöperation in staying outside the operation of the Taft-Hartley Act labor-relations machinery. Miners under contract will work when they are "willing and able," thus exempting them from responsibility under the Act for wildcat strikes and other such stoppages. They also get a clause permitting reopening of the contract on short notice, instead of 60-day notice as provided by the Taft-Hartley Act, when the NLRB machinery is used.

The Southern operators rushed to Washington to find that the remaining Northern and Western operators were ready to give in. They were on the spot. They had looked forward to June 30 as the time when they would be free to resume a real Get-Lewis drive. But was that pleasure worth the loss of their profitable Northern market in such boom times?

With no coal problems ahead, there is no reason why US Steel cannot better its record 1946 profits of $88.6 million this year. And big Appalachian coal should be able to capitalize on destitute Europe's willingness to pay $20 a ton and up for as much as 50 million tons of American coal a year.

NAM cynics are thinking of what this victory does to John Lewis' stock in a divided labor movement. Lewis remains the Wall Street Republicans' best hope for a labor ally in 1948. The CIO rank and file will certainly be more than human if they do not conclude that their own leaders were outmaneuvered in the negotiations of last spring.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Convertible Sterling

ALL over the world, clerks in banks and investment houses have put a big red circle around the date July 15. At that time, clauses of the American loan of $3.75 billion to Britain come into operation, affecting the convertibility of the pound sterling. Some people have predicted a financial earthquake, but a majority of the experts believe no more than mild tremors are to be expected.

In the recent past, the entire British Empire, plus Egypt, the Sudan and Iraq, but minus Canada and Newfoundland, has been in the "sterling area." This has meant that operations of the sterling-area countries in foreign currencies have been handled through London and were under British control. There was a single "dollar pool," for instance, and no sterling-area country could buy United States goods without getting the consent of the British government and drawing its dollars from the central source. One of the terms of the Anglo-American loan agreement was that, beginning July 15, *on current transactions only,* pounds should be readily convertible into dollars.

There is an additional problem created by British sterling debts all over the world. During the war, and chiefly for war purposes, Great Britain bought goods in some 20 countries to the amount of $14 billion. She paid for these goods in sterling, whose convertibility still remains in her hands. In other words, these countries have large amounts of sterling which they can only spend inside the sterling area, where goods are extremely scarce, and not in the United States, where goods are somewhat more plentiful. If these balances were to be convertible into immediate claims on Great Britain for goods, they would represent an obligation she could not possibly meet. The loan agreement stipulates that negotiations shall begin on July 15 in regard to making a small amount of this money convertible. The British look upon these frozen sterling accounts as war debts which should be scaled down very heavily; the United States also wants to see this done. Thus far, however, negotiations for this purpose have gone very slowly except in the case of Argentina, France, Sweden, Norway, Brazil, Uruguay and Egypt.

Countries all over the world, both inside and outside the British Empire, want to turn as much sterling into dollars as possible, and as quickly as possible. For months, businessmen from these countries have been in New York placing tentative orders to be executed after July 15.

Britain, on the other hand, must protect her currency against this world-wide, serious shortage of dollars—a shortage which exists in various countries without regard to their supplies of sterling. Britain is helped greatly by the fact that only sterling balances arising from current transactions must be made convertible after July 15. She is urging other parts of the empire to exercise restraint in buying dollars; and in many cases, there are still rules left over from the war covering exports, imports and exchange, which can and will be invoked.

She will also seek to use the device of persuading countries with sterling balances to trade with one another in sterling as far as possible, postponing the evil day when the demand for dollars shall arise. Thus Argentina might sell beef to Britain and get pounds in exchange; she could use these pounds to buy olive oil and cork from Portugal; Portugal might buy tulip bulbs from the Netherlands with the same pounds; and keen-witted men in the British treasury will do their best to find something else to sell to the Netherlands—in pounds. The British point out that in view of the limited world supply of dollars, any country which uses more than its fair share will do so at the expense of some other country.

The overriding problem for Britain of course remains: How to speed up her exports enough to pay for her needed imports of food, raw materials and heavy machinery. Thus far, she has gone only about two-thirds of the way toward the necessary target, in spite of the great hardships her people are forcing on themselves. In one sense, time is working in her favor. The international political climate has changed greatly even since the Anglo-American loan agreement was signed. With a Marshall plan in the offing, with Russian-American relations hardening, London naturally looks to Washington for a more tolerant attitude toward British world-wide trade and the British problems of protecting the pound, than seemed possible even a few months ago.

UN Score Card

Congress ratified the *International Refugee Organization* charter and contributed 45¾ percent of the IRO's first-year budget.

The *UN Statistical Office* revealed that Great Britain and Switzerland are exporting more, while France and Norway are exporting less, than their prewar volume. US exports have increased 100 percent over prewar days.

The *Security Council* heard United Kingdom delegate Sir Alexander Cadogan support a US-sponsored plan for a Balkan border patrol (see page 5).

Shipyard Strike

THE giant Gantry cranes in 18 major East Coast shipyards were standing idle as the Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers of America, CIO, stayed out on strike. Behind the walkout lay these points:

¶ The union terms for ending the strike—a wage increase of 13 cents per hour retroactive to January 1, 1947, and six other minor points.

¶ Shipyard workers have had no increase in wages since early 1946, despite a rise of 20 percent in the cost of living between then and March, 1947.

¶ The shipbuilders have ignored their pledge under the government-industry-labor Zone Standards Agreement to participate in wage reviews in 1946 and 1947.

¶ The Bethlehem Steel Corporation, largest shipyard employer, which sets the pattern for the industry, recently upped the wages of AFL West Coast shipyard workers by 13 cents. An East Coast Bethlehem negotiator said that increase was "an unfortunate mistake

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the company doesn't intend to repeat on this coast."

¶ Bethlehem's profit for 1946, after taxes, was $41.7 million, most of it from shipbuilding and ship repair. This was $7 million more than in 1945, despite the steel strike and a wage increase of 18.5 cents early in 1946.

The shipyard owners claim they cannot raise wages because the high cost of American shipbuilding is diverting business to foreign yards. The IUMSWA points out that the large government subsidies paid to American shipbuilders compensate for the higher standard of living of American workers.

Blue-Ribbon Justice

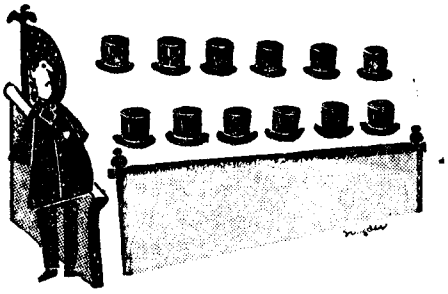
"Under our Constitution, the jury is not to be made the representative of the most intelligent, the most wealthy or the most successful. . . . But it is a democratic institution, representative of all qualified classes of people."

SUCH was the crux of Mr. Justice Murphy's dissent from the Supreme Court's 5-to-4 decision affirming the right of the State of New York to use juries picked from blue-ribbon panels for "important" or "intricate" cases.

The case came to the high court after two labor leaders, Joseph S. Fay and James Bove, had been tried and convicted by a jury drawn from a special panel. They were found guilty of extorting large sums from contractors on New York City's Delaware Aqueduct project.

Fay and Bove protested that the jury of their peers was comprised of persons from "the upper stratum of economic and social life" and that this violated rights guaranteed under the due-process and equal-protection clauses of the Fourteenth Amendment.

Justice Robert Jackson, joined by the majority of the Court (Vinson, Burton, Frankfurter and Reed), in a states'-rights opinion said that the Court has in the past been careful not to interpret the Fourteenth Amendment so as to impose "uniform procedures" on states with diverse legal systems. The majority found no conclusive evidence that special-panel juries are unrepresentative of the community or "less fair" than juries picked from the general panel.



In a forceful dissent, Justice Murphy (joined by Douglas, Rutledge and Black) charged that blue-ribbon juries deny a defendant his constitutional right to be tried by a jury "fairly drawn from a cross-section of the community." The undeniable result, he said, has been to permit jury officials to formulate whatever standards they desire in order to eliminate otherwise qualified persons from the blue-ribbon panel.

He backed his statement with a striking statistical chart showing that certain classes of individuals are totally unrepresented on the New York special-jury panel:

	Percent of total experienced labor in N. Y.	*Percent of representation on blue-ribbon panel*
Professional and semi-professional	12.1	18.8
Proprietors, managers and officials	9.3	43.
Clerical, sales and kindred workers	21.3	38.
Craftsmen, foremen and kindred workers	7.7	0.2
Operatives and kindred workers	17.	0
Service workers	27.6	0
Laborers	4.9	0
Farmers	0.1	0

Such facts, he declared, show a "very subtle and sophisticated form of discrimination. . . . The proof here is adequate enough to demonstrate that this panel . . . suffers from constitutional infirmity." Far more important than whether or not there was prejudice in this particular case is the whole question of hand-picking juries for the purpose of obtaining convictions, which, Murphy wrote, "may gradually and silently erode the jury system."

Good Neighborliness

UNITED STATES good neighborliness to Juan D. Peron's regime in the form of sales of surplus ships has tripled Argentina's merchant fleet and put her on the threshold of becoming a challenge to Brazil as the largest shipping power in South America.

The Overseas News Agency reports that the Argentine naval mission in Washington, laying cash on the line from the large Argentine dollar balances built up during the war, has paid about $25 million for 24 ships—about half what they cost to build. Since 1939, Argentina's tonnage has climbed from 268,000 to 750,000.

If the 20 more ships Peron's mission has requested are sold to him, South American shipping supremacy probably will have passed from Rio de Janeiro to Buenos Aires. The "if" is a protest to Congress by the National Federation of American Shipping against further sales because the 1939 merchant-fleet proportions have been thrown out of balance.

Since sales of surplus ships are presumed to conform to a policy of restoring the 1939 balance by making good on tonnage lost in the Allied cause, the Federation takes a poor view of approval of the sales by the United States Maritime Commission.

Hysteria on High

IN court trials and secret purges, the anti-Red hysteria has reached greater intensity in Washington than in any other city of the land. The result has been an unprecedented demoralization of government employees. From one day's end to the next, they don't know when the noiseless axe may fall—the silent dismissal without statement of charges, without advance notice and without right of appeal. In every department old faces have mysteriously disappeared without explanation.

First to shed light, though only a glimmer, on the purge was the State Department, which has acknowledged, after considerable public prodding, that 10 employees were fired. Secretary Marshall testily said he had studied all 10 dossiers himself, decided the FBI evidence was enough to warrant dismissal. Who or why, he would not say. Considerable digging outside the State Department disclosed this much about three of the 10:

Case 1. An Economist. Absorbed by State along with others from the Foreign Economic Administration. When

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the FBI started investigation, he went to his superiors and offered to resign if they had any lack of confidence in him. Reassured of complete support, he was given promotion as evidence of faith. Then, at 5:30 one afternoon, he was handed a slip informing him his services were not required henceforth.

Case 2. A young consular officer scheduled to sail soon for a new post. He had been approved by Russophobic Loy Henderson. Summarily dismissed.

Case 3. An economic researcher, female, who formerly worked for the OSS, had told investigators of association with liberal organizations in the thirties and had been cleared by the OSS for handling confidential wartime material. On old charges renewed by the FBI, superiors told her she must leave to protect State's public reputation.

In the coming weeks, more details will gradually leak out of other dismissals in the State Department and elsewhere throughout the government. But the pattern apparently is set—a silent, undercover investigation, dismissal without charges, no appeal. The pattern is familiar to Europeans. In America, it is frighteningly unfamiliar. Such is the atmosphere of Washington.

Amen

WHEN the Senate met July 1, the Chaplain, the Reverend Peter Marshall, D.D., prayed: "Teach us, our Father, how to look at the things we see, and to look at them without bias or prejudice. . . .

"We are all too familiar with 'dirty looks,' 'scornful looks,' 'unbelieving looks,' 'black looks.' Give to us discerning and understanding looks. . . . If Thou wilt help us to cast the mote of prejudice and pride out of our eyes, then shall we see clearly. . . . Amen."

There followed debate over the nomination of Joe B. Dooley as US judge for the northern district of Texas, with Senator W. Lee O'Daniel (D, Tex.) opposing Dooley's nomination on the Senate floor for two days on the grounds that Dooley was "personally obnoxious."

Those Flying Disks

THE editors of the *New Republic* wish to announce that as of the date of going to press with this issue, they did not know the origin of the flying saucers.

Landlords' War of Nerves

by Joseph P. Lyford

THE landlords launched their war of nerves shortly after the President grudgingly signed the Housing and Rent Act of 1947, which authorized "voluntary" rent increases of 15 percent for apartments and completely decontrolled transient hotel rates. Tenants in congested cities like Los Angeles, Detroit, New Orleans and New York began receiving mimeographed ultimatums under their doors and in mailboxes. The messages in general were the same—either pay more rent (in some cases as much as 300 percent) or get out. For the most part the tenants did neither. With nowhere else to go, they stayed put.

Many frightened apartment-dwellers did not realize that the landlords' campaign of intimidation was largely bluff. The new rent-control law, like its predecessor, stipulated that no tenant could be evicted for refusal to pay higher rent and that any rent boost must be the result of a voluntary agreement between landlord and lessee. The landlords' propaganda leaflets were aimed at tenants ignorant of these provisions.

To eliminate this ignorance and defend themselves, tenants banded together in associations just as solidly organized as the landlord groups. In New York, where the rent situation was the most serious, 800 such tenant councils are using publicity and legal help in a war of resistance. Activity of similar groups in Los Angeles, another hot spot, indicated that the tenants' union was becoming the nucleus of a potent counter-offensive.

Some of the tenant associations were large and well established, like New York's Joint Rent Action Committee, and the Emergency Committee on Rent and Housing, which claims 75,000 members. Others were small, cell-type organizations of people living in the same block of apartment houses. A dark-eyed Manhattan housewife, Mrs. Bianca Hene, organized one group when the apartment owners mailed warnings to tenants to sign rent increases "or else." That night 53 families gathered in the street and held a "block meeting" at which they agreed to sign no leases without the whole association's consent.

But knowledge of the new law was not enough to protect the tenants. The simple fact that the law authorized rent increases was enough for the landlords, who proceeded to try to bring recalcitrants around to a "voluntary agreement" with methods faintly resembling the third degree. Some of the verbal persuaders:

¶ Should the tenant refuse to sign a 15-percent increase now, the landlord promised he would get him later, when federal controls had expired altogether.

¶ Some landlords informed their tenants that the rent-advisory committees to be set up under the law would authorize rents much higher than the present 15-percent maximum.

¶ Tenants were told that essential services, such as telephone, heat and linen, would be cut off unless a new lease were agreed to.

¶ Landlords threatened that they would sell or renovate apartments, which would give them a legal pretext to evict the tenants.

In the case of permanent hotel occupants, the landlords went even further in their demands. With hotel space entirely freed from federal controls, occupants were bombarded with increases running up to a super-colossal 1,000 percent in Hollywood. New York's Mayor O'Dwyer planned to ask the City Council to freeze hotel rents at the June 30 level, while Governor Dewey warned that he would take "repressive measures" against the landlords if necessary. Even some hotel owners, alarmed at the rapacity of their associates, called for moderation.

As the rent grab gained momentum, most tenants agreed that there was only one really good thing about the new rent law. It was passed in the summer, when conditions are good for sleeping in the park.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Europe Looks at the Marshall Plan

As Seen from London

by Stephen Laird

LONDON (by wireless). – Ernest Bevin among others quickly saw the possibilities of Secretary Marshall's Harvard speech. As he told Parliament, "I grabbed hold of it with both hands." The British press and people went further: they blew it up into the biggest bubble of hope since the peace.

At the beginning over here it wasn't a Marshall speech or proposal, but a Marshall OFFER. When this British and European reaction reached Washington, Undersecretary of State William L. Clayton flew to London (four days ahead of schedule) to play down British expectancy. After he told the British government the facts of contemporary American politics and policies, some of its members were worried that if Congress failed to approve and support what the public over here and in Europe understood as the Marshall offer, it would make the British and Europeans anti-American and might even give the Russians their biggest peacetime victory. Bevin, however, wasn't worried—not even when the Russians accepted the invitation to go to Paris and a great new wave of expectancy uplifted the British press and public.

Fear of Congress

As the liberal *News Chronicle* wrote that day, "By agreeing with the nations of the West, Russia has preserved the possibility that events may so evolve as to give our civilization a chance to survive these difficult days and to flower again in more prosperous times." The worries of the timid were renewed and reinforced because they were sure that the American Congress would not support a European economic plan which seemed to give much benefit to the Russians and their comrade countries in Eastern Europe. But Bevin was sure he knew his Russians and their attitudes

Stephen Laird is the CBS correspondent in London.

The net impact on Britain of what happened at Paris was:

1. Widespread British disappointment and displeasure over Molotov's words and actions.

2. Deep individual disillusion and immense collective weakening of the position of the rebel elements of the Labor Party who had been demanding that Bevin pursue an independent British foreign policy, getting on equally well with the Russians and with the United States.

3. A rather happy Ernest Bevin.

Where the blow fell

IN domestic policy Bevin is about as Socialist as William Green. In foreign policy he is about as pro-Soviet as Winston Churchill. Bevin, like the British government and people, wants his country to keep up the appearance of being a great power. The rebels wanted to achieve this by making a success of the socialistic experiment at home. They have been saying that the way to do it is to reduce Britain's share of the foreign Anglo-American commitments, cut in half the 1.2 million still in the British armed forces and put this badly needed manpower into home production for export and economic recovery. But Bevin and other government leaders, along with Churchill, want Britain to stay a great power by holding onto their share of foreign Anglo-American commitments. They know that can be achieved only if it is financed by America and carried out by an Anglo-American partnership in the world, more or less on American terms.

At an Independence Day dinner with Ambassador Douglas and other Americans as his hosts, Bevin, as a result of the reaction in Britain to the failure of the Paris conference, felt free to denounce Russia and, in effect, publicly accept the American Century and Britain's place in it. Said he: ". . . wonderful United States of America. . . . Nothing will ever separate us whatever they do. . . . I beg the great American continent to go on with its great mission. . . . You are hard businessmen. . . . Your toughness I don't mind. . . . So long as I am Foreign Minister I will go along with you." Said Ambassador Douglas quietly and slowly in reply, "No one can be more grateful than I and, I venture to say, my government for your statement."

The extent to which the rebel Laborites feel they have been sold out and undercut by the Russians at Paris was indicated by the lead article in the rebels' principal outlet, the weekly *New Statesman and Nation*. "Russia," the article says, "will not risk any American influence in Eastern Europe and fears any unity or reconstruction of Europe except under exclusive Communist influence. The division between the two worlds therefore is admitted and the pretense of coöperation is abandoned. . . . Bevin and Bidault have no possible alternative but to go ahead as fast as possible in preparing for economic unity on the assumption that Congress will give effect to the Marshall plan. The alternative proposition that we should voluntarily starve or go bankrupt rather than run the risk of receiving American dollars is not one that anyone can accept. . . ."

Our erstwhile enemies

THE conservative weekly *Economist* hopes Bevin and Bidault can make the plan attractive enough to solicit US support. But the *Economist* advises the United States not to make political and economic conditions "such as to produce an acute crisis of conscience in every Socialist breast. And the United States must be persuaded to modify its present mood in which the former enemies—Germany, Italy and Japan—seem to enjoy more consideration than tried Allies and friends."

The fact is that the Americans have told the British that from time to time they will indicate the sort of things that will make the European plan acceptable. And already it has been made clear to the British through Clayton and others that:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1. Reviving the industrial Ruhr in the British zone is to be the core of western Germany's recovery and the nucleus of the European plan to meet the Marshall offer.

2. The British must give up exclusive control of the Ruhr and give Americans leading technical and managerial positions.

3. British talk about socialization in Germany must cease and a decision about ultimate ownership there must be postponed at least five years.

But Bevin is still British. And the British never burn old bridges behind them. It is still active British foreign policy to make mutually beneficial trade agreements with Russia and with the Socialist countries of Eastern Europe.

The Moscow Viewpoint

by Alexander Kendrick

MOSCOW (by wireless). – Now that the Marshall plan has come to look more like the old Dulles plan, the Russians are sure they were right in rejecting it. Molotov went to Paris to get answers to several important questions. What would be the nature of the proposed American aid? What would be the conditions attached to it?

Bevin and Bidault professed not to know the answers. But, by insisting that their program and only their program (of action through a super-duper steering committee) would be acceptable to the United States, they told Molotov all he needed to know and confirmed his worst suspicions.

The end of the Paris talks without any agreement is not exactly regarded as a great disaster here. All that has happened in the average Russian view is that the other big powers have been given a chance to demonstrate that they will be no more successful in organizing Western Europe than they were in organizing western Germany.

Nor do the Russians seem shaken by charges that they were opposed to European coöperation and the idea of European community. The facts are to the contrary. For instance, while Bevin and Bidault were talking about a joint economic organization, Poland and Czechoslovakia were doing something about it. In perhaps the most important European economic action since the end of the war, the two countries have agreed to all intents and purposes to fit their two planned economies together in the broadest and deepest kind of coöperation. The Polish-Czech agreement is heartily approved by the Soviet Union. It sets a pattern which may turn Secretary Marshall's Harvard speech into a valedictory address so far as a considerable part of Europe is concerned.

Alexander Kendrick is the Chicago Sun correspondent in Moscow.

Eastern concord

MOREOVER, there is no doubt about Europe's normal trade development, which Molotov feared might be short-circuited if the British and French got their steering committee. Just in the past few weeks, trade agreements have been made between Bulgaria and Holland, Poland and Switzerland, Yugoslavia and Egypt, Czechoslovakia and Austria, Finland and Switzerland, Poland and Austria, while Soviet-Hungarian, Soviet-Czech and Soviet-Bulgarian treaties are under negotiation. Rumania and Yugoslavia have come to an understanding on the Danube, and Yugoslavia has even signed an agreement with a private corporation, the Ford Company of Egypt. All this has been done without benefit of any steering committee. And the British themselves, while trying to organize Western Europe, are desperately seeking timber, grain and foodstuffs from the Soviet Union in current Moscow trade talks.

In other words, the Soviets have not rejected the idea of a European community. They have merely rejected the kind of European community Hoover, Churchill and Dulles would like.

The Russians have other reasons for regarding all the promised glittering billions as small loss. They considered the Marshall plan, not as another evidence of the altruism of good old Uncle Sam, but as sheer necessity for the American economy and as a cold-blooded business proposition. During the Paris talks, the Soviet newspapers printed dispatches from the United States reporting that at last the long anticipated American recession has begun. The feeling here is that if America's economic needs become pressing enough, the Marshall of the Harvard speech may realize that the United States needs Europe more than a good part of Europe needs the US. There would be a receptive audience for Jimmy Durante's old song, "I can do without Broadway, but can Broadway do without me?"

Finally, an important element in the Soviet approach to the Marshall plan has been the question of its relation to the Truman Doctrine. Probably because they did not know themselves, Bevin and Bidault never made it quite clear to Molotov whether the Marshall plan nullified and superseded Truman's dream of global "containment" or whether it was just a new false face for it. America's greatest brains, the columnists, came up with conflicting interpretations and perhaps neither Truman nor Marshall really knew the relationship.

In the absence of any clarification, the Russians took another look at Greece and Turkey and saw American aid in action propping up reactionary governments. Soviet arithmetic is just like any other arithmetic. Two and two makes four, and not 22, as Bevin apparently thought when he issued the invitations to 22 nations to try to organize Europe without the Soviet Union.

Anybody here will bet 100 rubles it can't be done.

French Turnabout

by David Schoenbrun

PARIS (by wireless). – When I interviewed Foreign Minister Georges Bidault three weeks ago, he conceived of French foreign policy as providing

David Schoenbrun is the CBS correspondent in Paris.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the leadership of a truly united Europe which would be an equilibrium between the great forces competing for world power—the United States and the Soviet Union. He insisted that this Europe could not exist as a No Man's Land but must have strong attachments to the western and eastern ends of the continent.

What happened in 21 days to force him to change this position and to go all out for the West?

The internal situation explains the change. The French government is faced by a desperate financial and economic situation. The gold reserves of the Bank of France have reached the lowest point in history—$250 million. The new financial measures mean a $100 million inflation. The American loan has been spent for consumer goods, mainly food, instead of for production goods and capital equipment. And the wheat-harvest failure means more dollar purchases for food.

The non-Communist coalition which has been ruling France since May is facing collapse. That would mean the triumphant return of the Communists to the government virtually on their own terms. It would mean extension of nationalization, vigorous pruning of military expenses, increased state planning and soak-the-rich measures.

Bidault's big chance

BIDAULT, as the leader of the Christian Democratic MRP, is under pressure from the party chiefs to get tough with the Communists. The only salvation is swift, effective aid from the United States to bolster up the tottering government.

Foreign Secretary Bevin and Bidault were not responsible for the splitting of the Communists and left-wing Socialists from the other parties. In France this split occurred for domestic reasons on the basis of irreconcilable differences on economic, social and military problems. It is unquestionably true, however, that Foreign Minister Molotov's position served to intensify and petrify the internal split. Whatever strength it gave Premier Paul Ramadier's position is only temporary. Last Friday's vote of confidence, 331 to 247, was the latest act of an unfolding drama. Few expect Ramadier to last for long unless swift American aid comes even before the implementation of the Marshall speech. France is in the hole and needs plenty, and fast; and the Communist control of six million organized workers is a potent weapon.

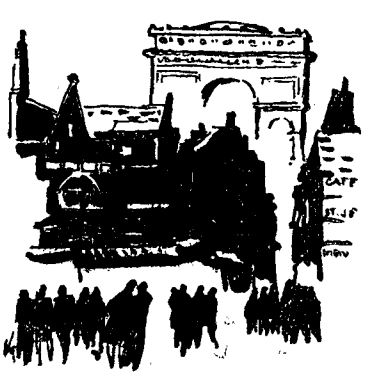
What of de Gaulle?

THE failure of the Paris conference has not necessarily strengthened the position of General de Gaulle. In the first place, Bidault's new policy steals de Gaulle's thunder. Similarly, the militant anti-Communist position of the MRP is leaving de Gaulle little to offer but a vague, undefined policy and the promise of authoritarian rule. In addition, the revelations of the plot to carry out a rightist coup-d'état have done much to discredit de Gaulle, who, though certainly not involved personally, has suffered through the involvement of former aides.

The Marshall plan captured Europe's imagination like nothing I have ever seen. Even the left-wing Socialists, represented here by the paper *Franc-Tireur,* split with the Communists on this issue. The Socialist Left deplores Molotov's attitude and criticizes his argument about the dangers of loss of national independence by saying, "Since when has the Soviet Union been unable to guarantee independence and non-interference by its very presence in the European organism?"

The fact is that British, French and American sources in Paris were terrified that Russia might accept the plan: if she did, it was considered doubtful that Congress would appropriate credits; and in that case the plan would have backfired drastically against the United States.

I don't think there would have been a chance for a united Europe under the Marshall plan even if Molotov had accepted it. In the first place, the Americans would not back it if the Russians and the Eastern Europeans were in. In the second place, Bevin would not back it—he is most bitter on the subject of the Eastern regimes and the Soviets. And in the third place, the Russians would not back it because of their distrust of the Anglo-Americans and their distaste for a grouping sponsored under what they call "the dollar aegis."



A united Europe is an unreal fantasy just as long as the power struggle continues between the United States and the Soviet Union. Only an agreement between those two could prepare the soil for European unity, and not the other way around, which is just daydreaming.

The German angle

ANOTHER important factor in the situation is Germanophobia, which continues extremely strong in France and will be a main propaganda weapon of the French Communists. Even the ultraconservative, anti-Communist, anti-Soviet *Paris-Presse* warned Bidault this week that, "Bevin and Marshall are planning to rebuild Germany, which is dangerous for France." The French Socialists always have been close to the Bevin position, but this is highly unpopular in France and will be the Achilles' heel of the Bidault program at which the Communists are now aiming daily.

The Marshall invitation has been a tremendous diplomatic victory and a propaganda asset for America, but explosive possibilities of backfiring are inherent in it. The very fact that it has captured Europeans' imagination creates the danger that they may see in it more than is there, expect from it more than its author intends.

Hence, the least that America can do is to make good on the substance implied in the Marshall speech itself. Unless Congress implements the plan and unless there are no strings attached to it which would permit the Russians or the Communists to say, "We told you so," America will be in danger of losing more than she has gained by the idea of the plan.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Henry Wallace

What We Must Do Now

WE who believe in One World lost a round at Paris, but not the fight. Our task, in all lands, is to continue the fight for a strong United Nations and a world united for peace.

Never has our responsibility been so great. Strong forces see the conference called by Bevin and Bidault to discuss American aid to Europe as the means of forcing the break of our world into two armed camps which one day must fight in war.

In a world which is hungry and homeless, we cannot oppose American aid to other peoples. The needs of the world are unchanged by Molotov's withdrawal from Paris. Only the combined action of the United Nations to meet these needs can bring peace.

Four months ago I asserted that the Moscow Conference on Germany could succeed only if America offered a joint program for the over-all reconstruction of Europe. Instead, America proclaimed the Truman Doctrine.

As internationalists we condemned the Truman Doctrine, which offered military aid to anti-Soviet governments. We endorsed in principle the program later developed by Secretary Marshall because in principle it offered economic aid to all nations willing to coöperate in world reconstruction.

In this sense, the Marshall program was a clear break with the Truman Doctrine. "Our policy," Marshall said, "is not directed against any country or doctrine." Yet the Truman Doctrine of stopping Russia and communism remains the official policy of our Congress, and many government actions indicate that it continues in full force. And once again the United States by-passed and ignored the UN.

The UN Economic Commission for Europe, on which Russia serves, was concluding its report on Europe's needs when the Paris conference was suddenly called. The ECE is charged with planning the best use of European resources, including Germany's coal, the heart of the reconstruction problem. Yet the role of the ECE was minimized on the grounds that America could not muster sufficient votes in its councils to overcome Russia. That kind of thinking was bound to lead to failure. The manner in which the Paris conference was called was the surest way to guarantee its failure. Nevertheless, I believe that the Soviet government should have accepted the opportunity that Paris offered.

Today there is grave danger that without Soviet participation, the Marshall program may further divide the world. It is certain to divide the world and end in failure unless the philosophy behind the Truman Doctrine is disavowed. Under this philosophy we have backed the most reactionary forces in Europe and bemoaned the sufferings of unrepentant Germans while ignoring the needs of our Allies. Under the same philosophy we may seek to build up Western Europe, and particularly Germany, as a bastion against Russia, without any intention of defending these areas if war comes. Under these terms our aid will be administered by Americans opposed to Europe's increasing pattern of nationalization of industry. We may force a final break with Russia by denying Russia and Eastern Europe the use of German industrial production. We may isolate the industries of Western Europe from the markets of Eastern Europe, causing a battle for exports among Western Europe, Britain and America, and causing unemployment. We shall place social progress in Britain and France under intolerable strains, and both democracy and the UN will be weakened as the two worlds start all-out preparations for war.

If the Marshall program is carried out in the spirit in which it was offered—aid to *all* nations—it means a fundamental change in our foreign policy. Given that change, the program can bring peace.

I HOPE that Poland and Czechoslovakia will participate fully in the program. Economically they need our industrial supplies. Socially, culturally and politically they are bound closely to Russia. World peace demands that the industries of these two countries, and particularly their heavy industries, be at least doubled if a rebuilt Germany is not to dominate Europe. For this reason I look on America's willingness to help in the industrialization of Poland and Czechoslovakia as the key to the success or failure of the Marshall program. If America shows this willingness, and demonstrates that we have no desire to pry Eastern Europe away from friendship with Russia, the way may be left open for the return of Russia, and therefore the UN, to participation in the common effort later on.

Today no one knows what America intends to do. Bevin did not know when he seized on the opportunity of Marshall's remarks at Harvard. Bidault did not know when he altered the course of French foreign policy. Mol-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

otov's doubts concerning a change of heart by our Congress were poorly phrased but fully justified. Without pressure from the people, Congress would probably have repudiated Marshall had Russia accepted his offer.

In Congress is the key to world peace. As long as our Republicans live in blind fear of social progress in Europe and at home, the danger will persist that the good contained in the Marshall program will be turned into evil. Congress owes it to the world to pass a joint resolution declaring that American aid will be offered on these terms: it is available to all peace-loving peoples; it is based on the necessity of increased production and higher living standards; it is free from political interference by America; and it is to be administered, whenever possible, by agencies of the UN.

On this basis, we who work for One World can support the Marshall program as one possible road back to world coöperation for peace.

Report on the South

IN THE fine Southern home in Raleigh, North Carolina, which he says he built from the stones thrown at him by his enemies, Josephus Daniels and I sat down to discuss the ebb and flow of the progressive movement.

I was in Raleigh to address a meeting arranged by the Committee for North Carolina, and the hospitality of Josephus Daniels made this one of the truly memorable stops in my recent travels. The least military of all of our Secretaries of the Navy and one of the most progressive of all our ambassadors, Josephus Daniels was never molded by the Navy or State Departments.

Today, at the age of 85, he glories in the statement that the only exercise he ever takes is serving as pallbearer for his athletic friends. His exercise has always been in his work, which he still tackles with the clarity and vigor of a man 50 years younger. He takes an active part, every day, in turning out his Raleigh *News and Observer*.

In our talks Josephus reflected his deep distrust of both the military and big business. He recalled for me once again a memorable conversation he had with Woodrow Wilson in February, 1917. Both the President and his Secretary of the Navy were strongly against getting into war with Germany, and Wilson said, "If war comes, we shall have to get the coöperation of the big businessmen and, as a result, they will dominate the nation for 20 years after the war comes to an end."

Today Josephus feels that the outlook for the world is very dark—that the future promises long years of domination by the military point of view all over the world. He feels that in the United States big business will be in the saddle and riding hard.

But Josephus sees no solution in, and will never have anything to do with, a third party. He is a Democrat—a true Democrat, a Wilson Democrat, a Roosevelt Democrat. He will do everything possible to make the Democratic Party liberal, and if his great voice is heeded there may be a chance to save the Democratic Party.

In Raleigh, however, one gets the impression that the experienced voices of men such as Josephus Daniels are not being heeded. I was told of the pitiful scenes in the recent sessions of the North Carolina legislature, when Josephus Daniels' voice and those of other reasonable men were raised against repressive labor legislation. They were ignored. One of the state's legislators went so far as to call this venerable statesman a "Communist," emphasizing once again the unscrupulous demagogy of men who oppose action on any democratic or Christian principle.

ANOTHER very great American added to the pleasure of my trip to North Carolina. Frank Graham, as president of the University of North Carolina, introduced me to an overflow audience at Chapel Hill.

Dr. Graham has repeatedly been under fire because he has always taken the side of labor and the small farmer. He is a fine representative of the utterly decent and sincere Presbyterian conscience at work in the world of practical affairs.

Some of the students who drove me from Chapel Hill to Raleigh told me about the strike then going on in Winston-Salem.

The union's strength in Winston-Salem is considerable. In the last municipal election the workers succeeded in electing two aldermen, one of whom was a Negro minister, the Reverend Kenneth R. Williams.

The Raleigh meeting itself was one of the most interesting of the entire trip. When the Committee for North Carolina, headed by Dr. Lee Sheppard, had rented the auditorium, a question was raised about observing the customary segregated seating arrangements for Negroes. Dr. Sheppard, a Christian clergyman, had protested, feeling his committee should be free to arrange the seating as it saw fit. His view was upheld by the city commissioners by a two-to-one vote and our meeting was held in the best democratic tradition. This unsegregated political meeting, with 2,700 paid admissions, was fur-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ther evidence to me that those sincere Southern liberals who believe it is necessary to maintain certain undemocratic "traditions" for political effectiveness, are grossly mistaken.

THE heart of the Deep South, the Old South of Ante-Bellum days, is Montgomery, Alabama. Here Jefferson Davis had his Southern White House, which still stands as a shrine amid modern state-government buildings which were products of the WPA. One looks at such buildings and realizes that some very useful and beautiful things were built by "men leaning on shovels," as our reactionaries never tired of saying.

Bradley Twitty, who knows the highly political Farm Extension Service like a book from his younger days as a Future Farmer, brought around 10 to 15 typical reactionaries who are now fighting Governor Folsom in the legislature. These "aristocrats," who manage to hold on through skillful alliances with Northern industrialists, public-utility investors, and the like, are always interesting. Some of them will openly confess, for example, that they have engaged in virtual peonage as a method of keeping unwilling Negro people working for them. They seemed as sincerely interested in meeting me as I was in meeting them.

I also met—unhappily, in far smaller numbers—the progressive legislators who are supporting Governor Folsom's program. Two state senators, Tom Blake Howle and Broughton Lamberth, sat on the platform at the meeting, while others visited with me at the hotel. Representative George Knight summed up their feelings when he said: "Most of the people in the South were all out for the Roosevelt program and proved it every chance they had at the polls. There's a lot of confusion now, but if the issues were clear the people would show they are still progressive."

Big Jim Folsom, the Governor, has been bucking feudal barons and the representatives of Northern financial interests—called "The Big Mules" in Alabama. Jim licked them in the election with an unprecedented majority, but they have been thwarting his plans in the legislature.

After seeing what is going on in Alabama today and after observing Roosevelt's difficulties with Congress, I am convinced that progressive Americans must concentrate their political energies more on the congressional races than on presidential campaigns. The monied interests almost invariably run the legislative bodies, except in times of great crisis.

Big Jim had campaigned on a progressive platform. One of his principal planks called for a teacher's-pay minimum of $1,800, as compared with the present average of $1,358. But the legislature will not move, even though the teachers in two counties have voted that they will not go back to work until they get $1,800.

When I had breakfast with Governor Jim in the lovely executive mansion, I urged that he go all out for a program of really increasing Alabama's wealth-producing power both on the farm and in the factory. I especially urged a program of cheap fertilizer.

Governor Jim was the most prominent Democratic official who did me the honor of introducing me on my travels into 14 states. He had been elected by "dirt farmers," labor, small storekeepers and veterans. These were the people who turned out for my meeting, and when Jim introduced me they gave him a great hand.

A NEW force for righteousness in the South is Aubrey Williams' *Southern Farmer,* which has grown in the last two years from a circulation of 318,000 to 925,000. With Gould Beech as editor, he has given the constructive, progressive sentiment of Southern farmers an extremely important mouthpiece.

The Farmers' Union in Alabama, which is putting on a strong membership drive, is concentrating on the establishment of a big fertilizer coöperative. Gould Beech in the *Southern Farmer* has backed them to the hilt. His article in the May issue on the fertilizer monopoly is something which no orthodox farm paper would ever run. He accuses the eight largest fertilizer producers of limiting production in order to control prices and of producing inferior grades of fertilizer.

Farmers' Union members in Alabama point out that Ed O'Neal, Farm Bureau president, spoke in Alabama last year about the natural alliance between Southern Democrats and Midwestern Republicans. He seemed happy to have the Republicans back in power. These Farmers' Union members agree that while an alliance between some of their self-styled Democrats and the Midwestern Republicans may be "natural," it is also "unholy."

I SPOKE at a large meeting at the State Teachers' College for Negroes in Montgomery. There, for the first time, I learned that the evening meeting was to be a segregated one. The police had advanced their usual reason of "safety" to invoke segregation.

A number of white people attended the meeting at the Negro college in the afternoon, but refused to attend the meeting at night because of the enforced segregation. It was the only segregated meeting on my Southern trip and didn't reflect, I am sure, the attitude of the 7,000 people in the audience.

I was particularly impressed and honored by the presence at the meeting of a large group of miners. They had

(Continued on page 32)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"No Speech Ever Changed a Vote"

by Tris Coffin

Byron Wilson, who lobbied the wool-grab bill through Congress, works by the maxim: "You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours"

EVERY bill passed by Congress has a navigator who steers it through the shoals and around the obstructions of political opposition. He may be a zealous amateur, a bureaucrat, a congressman or a real professional—a lobbyist. One of the best of these was the navigator of the "wool-grab" bill which Congress passed and President Truman vetoed late last month and which, had the veto been overridden, would have brought the world back to the good old days of the tariff wars. The steersman was Byron Wilson, the lobbyist for the National Wool Growers' Association.

Wilson is a huge man. There is much about him to suggest, and not disrespectfully, a venerable frog, wise as time, sitting on a lily pad and occasionally croaking forth in a deep bass voice. His lily pad is a comfortable, well upholstered chair in an air-conditioned suite of Washington's Raleigh Hotel. The only mark of his trade in the rooms is a table laden with whisky and mixers.

He is so large that it seems an effort for him to move or to open his eyes very wide. Those eyes are blue and full of the wisdom of this world; even when he makes a funny remark, he looks reflectively at his audience. His face is softly wrinkled. His hair is snow-white, abundant and parted in the middle. He wears tailored shirts with cuff links and smokes Melachrino cigarettes.

All his energy is reserved for his voice. It is deep, hoarse and vibrant. He can give the common phrase, "God damn," more meaning than anyone I have ever heard.

He was once described on the Senate floor by an enraged Senator Tobey (R, N. H.). It was during the fight on the reciprocal-trade agreements. Tobey shouted that there were five lobbyists (Wilson was one of them) just outside the Senate door and added that they were "fat, sleek men with round bottoms and round heads. A Republican leader on the floor is sitting out there with them, checking over lists of Senators and helping them put on the pressure."

Byron Wilson has been coming down to Washington for the woolgrowers of Wyoming and neighboring sheep-raising states for 30 years. He has learned much in this time that some of the youthful, sassy lobbyists who sprang up in the war years might imitate. He is deeply pained by the implication that he is engaged in an evil conspiracy.

"I would never ask anyone to do anything he couldn't do right out in the open," Wilson informed me with an aggrieved air.

In a statement attached to his lobbyist's registration filed in the Senate, he wrote virtuously, "We are not in the true sense 'lobbyists.' While it may be true that we come under the Act, we receive no extra compensation for this work. We are not employed to attempt to influence national legislation. The work of appearing before congressional committees is only incidental to the work of the secretary." (Wilson is the secretary of the Wyoming Wool Growers' Association.)

He is paid $6,000 a year and expenses away from home. These funds are supplied by the Wyoming association, which charges its members dues of one-fifth of a cent a pound on the net weight of the wool produced, and by the National Wool Growers' Association. He is the chairman of the NWGA's legislative committee.

The wool-bill fight made Wilson, for one of the few times since he has been puffing into Washington, something of a public figure. I do not believe he enjoys the publicity. When I told him I knew nothing of the wool bill, he rumbled, "You're refreshing. About everyone else thinks they know every god-damned thing about the bill."

His grievance seemed to be directed mainly against those furiously energetic women lobbyists who worked tirelessly to defeat his wool bill. He referred to these representatives of women's and consumers' groups as "do-gooders who don't know a damn thing they are talking about." Wilson recalled with obvious relish that, "The boys took one of them over the jumps at one hearing."

A pregnant candor

BYRON WILSON'S method of operation is simple, timeless and aboveboard. He told me with the kind of mixed delicacy and frankness used by a woman to announce a pregnancy that, "It may not be nice to say, but the way you get bills passed is—you scratch my back and I'll scratch yours."

This theory was explained a little more oratorically in the House by Representative Stephen Pace (D) of Georgia, who said, "So far as I know, there is not a sheep living in the Third Congressional District of Georgia. I have utterly no concern directly in the personal welfare of any constituent who is a producer of wool. But . . . I do not feel I have any right to ask the Congress to do any more for the cotton producer, for the tobacco producer, for

---

Tris Coffin is the American Broadcasting Company's Washington correspondent featured on "Headline Edition" and "News of Tomorrow." His Missouri Compromise *was recently published by Little, Brown.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the peanut producer, for the producers of those other commodities which are peculiar to my section, than the wool producers have to ask the Congress to do for the producers of wool and the other commodities of the great West."

This fraternal benevolence for the wool producers from a Georgian was motivated by the strongest lobbying alliance on Capitol Hill, that of the farm boys. There are only 49 congressional districts directly concerned with woolgrowing, but there is a staggering number of districts interested in farming. The farm lobbyists, all hearty men with a knowledge and skill that their labor brethren have never learned, stick together. They follow the old rule of "united we stand, divided we fall."

There are perhaps less than a dozen principal farm lobbyists in Washington. When Byron Wilson wanted the vote of the Texas delegation for his wool bill, he not only talked to the Senators and Representatives, but he also had a friendly chat with Judge Joe Montague, who heads both the Texas agricultural and beef-trust lobbies and hangs around Senator Connally's office.

I asked Wilson if Representatives and Senators outside the few wool-producing states might have supported this bill because they expected help in getting protective tariffs for their own local products. "Well, maybe that's true," he answered with a brief smile.

"I've been coming here for 30 years," Wilson said to me. "And the way to get bills through is to go up and grab the fellows and talk to them. A speech never changed a vote yet. It's a matter of political strategy. Take the leaders and sell 'em. The first man I saw when I came down here in February was Bob Taft."

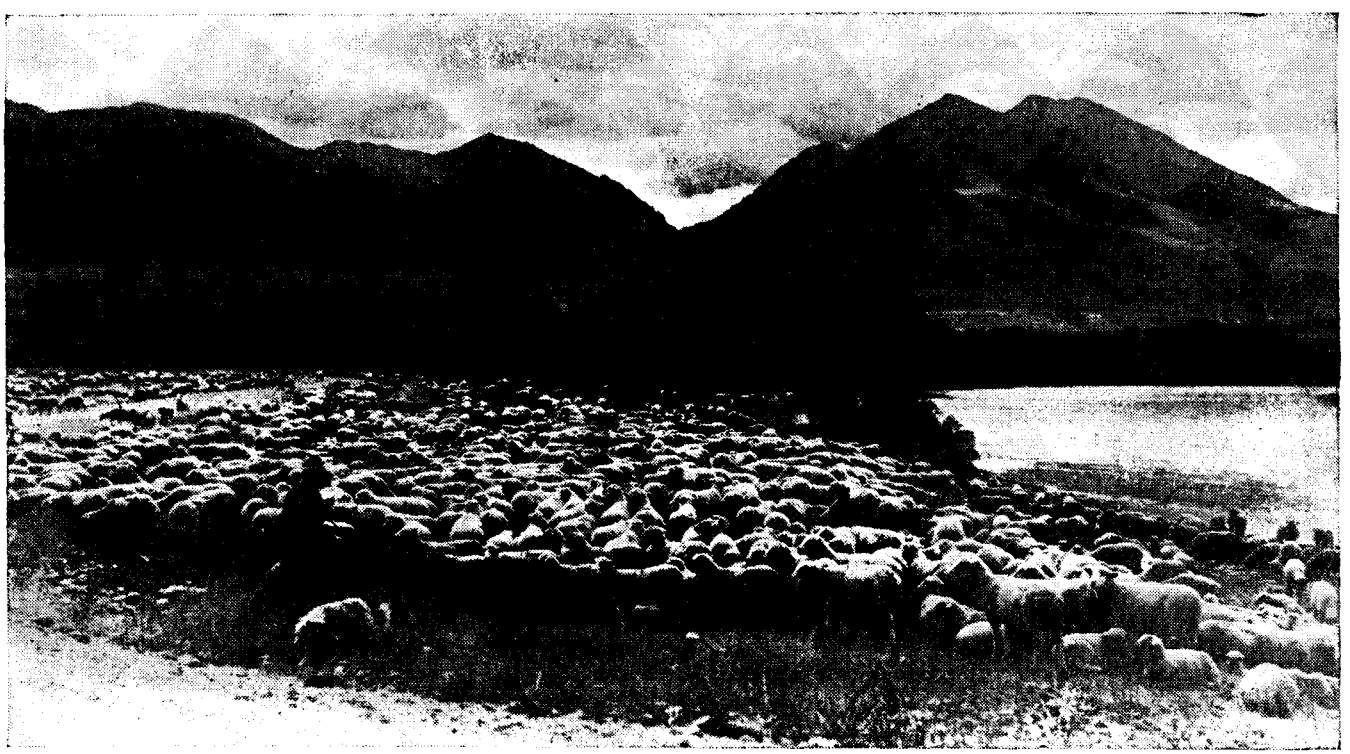
He paid tribute to Taft as "an honest, straightforward man who'll tell you the truth." (Senator Taft made one of the strongest speeches for the bill.) Wilson also thought well of Charlie Halleck of Indiana, the Republican floor leader in the House. (Halleck rescued the bill when Speaker Joe Martin, because of the opposition from Massachusetts wool processors, was sitting on it.)

Well bred opposition

THAT may not be the way the history books say bills are passed, but certainly Wilson was brilliantly successful. He was opposed in a well bred kind of way by the State Department, and energetically by the textile industry of the East and by consumer groups. Yet the bill passed without any real trouble. There was not even a record vote in the House.

Although their opponents are apt to imagine at times that such successful lobbyists as Byron Wilson are beckoned out of cauldrons by weird incantations, he was born, was a child and spent long years preparing himself for his preëminence. His father was a country doctor who acquired a sheep ranch. The lad Byron learned all about the business and was a young fellow when the Wyoming Wool Growers' Association was formed in 1904. The sheep ranchers were having a tough time and they got together much as neighbors in a small town will form a volunteer fire department. The ranchers needed protection, and the only way they could hope to get it was by coöperating. And they needed information.

They were lucky to have Byron Wilson. He knew the sheep business, had the kind of personality that gets along well with politicians and possessed a zeal for his work. It was the habit then of politicians to rail at the "gosh-danged furriners" when the farmers came to them for help. The standard practice was to slap a tariff on imports to "protect" American



Free-Lance Photographers Guild

BYRON WILSON STRIVES TO SERVE THE INTERESTS OF HIS CONSTITUENTS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

farmers. So the tariff was a part of Byron Wilson's early environment.

When he first came to Washington, Wilson was as innocent as the "do-gooders" he is so scornful of today. A lobbyist's first few years in Washington are spent in getting acquainted with people, sorting out those who can help, those who just talk, and those whose word is good. It is a long and tortuous process. It involves a lot of walking and many disappointments. He must also build up his own reputation for reliability and honesty. Few congressmen or bureaucrats will play ball with a lobbyist they can't trust.

Chores for bureaucrats

MUCH of Wilson's time today is spent in government departments making contacts and getting information. He knows the ins and outs of the Department of Agriculture and all the worlds within worlds in that huge agency. There are the people he goes to for the latest word on sheep raising—the technical men. There are the politicians, the men who change from administration to administration. There are the powerful bureaucrats who stay on year after year because they play the game of the Farm Bureau Federation and other strong farm lobbies. They owe their jobs to men like Byron Wilson and they know it. The Wilsons of Washington rely upon these bureaucrats to do their chores—a line changed in a regulation, favorable testimony on the Hill.

Beyond these groups, there are perhaps 1,000 people scattered throughout many other agencies who know how to get things done. Wilson and his cronies among the farm lobbyists know as many as two-thirds casually, and the other one-third well. In addition, a smart lobbyist must follow closely the changing relationships on Capitol Hill. He must keep up with the latest feuds, so that he does not get caught in their cross fire. A year ago, a lobbyist had to work the Democrats or build his support from an alliance of Republicans and Southern Democrats. This year Alben Barkley, the Senate Democratic leader, is not nearly so important a figure as he was in the 79th Congress.

Today Byron Wilson knows Washington so intimately that he rarely needs to move his great bulk from the overstuffed chair in his hotel suite. A telephone and a hearty, booming "Hello, John," are the fruits of long years of making the rounds on foot.

Subsidy v. tariff

WHEN the Senate passed the wool bill on June 19, it was the culmination of long and concerted effort by Byron Wilson.

In 1945, he persuaded Senator O'Mahoney of Wyoming to go to the White House with the plight of the woolgrowers. Wool production was falling off. Costs were so high that American wool could not compete on the world market. The growers wanted a subsidy. A Democratic administration was in power at both ends of Washington. The subsidy is a Democratic instrument of farm relief; the tariff a Republican one.

As a result of O'Mahoney's talk with President Truman, there was a White House conference with the State and Agriculture Departments, and the Wyoming Senator introduced a bill to support wool prices.

Meanwhile, Wilson was also "educating" his friends in the Department of Agriculture, on the Hill and among farm-lobby circles. He was given assistance from a quarter less experienced men would have neglected. The Army and Navy Munitions Board solemnly announced that wool was a "strategic material" and that its production domestically should be encouraged. This was an important boost, and Wilson used this statement again and again to counterbalance opposition of the State Department. He is shrewd enough to know that the security of arms is a lot more reassuring to many congressmen than the security of diplomacy.

The O'Mahoney bill was stopped by the log jam at the end of the 79th Congress. I asked Wilson, "How did you get a wool bill worked through the log jam this time?"

He roared, "Because, by God, some of us worked for it and saw to it."

This winter he made a beeline for Senator Robert Taft, who, as every lobbyist worth his salt knows, runs the Senate. Taft did not like the idea of a subsidy paid out of the Treasury to the woolgrowers, and he did not hesitate to say so. But he was not so impervious to the growers' welfare when an old device under a new name was proposed.

N. E. Dodd, the career Undersecretary of Agriculture and one of the trusted friends of the farm organizations, initiated the matter. He suggested to the House and Senate Agriculture Committees what Wilson prefers to call, with understandable delicacy, an "import fee." It is a name much less blunt than "tariff." Dodd's novel idea stipulated that money to support domestic wool prices be provided by a "fee" on wool imports rather than by the Treasury. This appealed to the congressmen and they asked Dodd to prepare a bill. The measure he submitted would have given the Secretary of Agriculture authority to levy this "import fee."

This would have been a clear victory for Byron Wilson. The Secretary of Agriculture ordinarily is subject to pressure from the farm lobby. They can get to him, harass and hound him. No secretary can stay in very long without the friendship of such men as Ed O'Neal of the Farm Bureau.

But a good many congressmen who were rounded up for the bill balked at this provision, and the authority was shifted to the President and the Tariff Commission in the final bill.

"Who the hell started it?"

WILSON wants to make it very clear the tariff did not originate with him. He told me solemnly, "The idea came from the Department of Agriculture. That's an important point."

I asked him how the bill squared off with free trade. He opened his eyes and rumbled, "Who in the hell started all this god-damned performance? The British increased the tax on tobacco, so that American tobacco consumption was reduced in the United Kingdom. They didn't consult us about it."

Then, in a somewhat less belligerent voice, he continued, "We've got to have world trade. But I don't see any way to get it without paying them to buy our goods, and I don't think Congress is going to be so anxious to do that.

"But," Byron Wilson concluded as he sank back into his chair, "I don't concern myself with those things."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Life Can Be Terrible

by Thomas Whiteside

Sins, sobs, suffering and suds add up to an unbeatable formula for Radio's Number One soap-opera factory

TO UNCLOG the national pore, American soap mills last year disbursed 9.2 billion bars of soap. This statistic undeniably constitutes a high tribute to both the cleanliness of the population and the enterprise of our captains of industry. It is also a glowing testimonial to the genius of Frank and Anne S. Hummert of Greenwich, Connecticut, two lesser known manufacturers without whose inspirations the American public might well slip back to apathy and distrust of soap, including all that soap implies. For the Hummerts, too, operate a mill—a soap-opera mill. Their empire is daytime radio. With the coöperation of such patrons as the makers of Sweetheart Soap, Blu-White Soap Flakes, Bab-O and Oxydol, the Hummerts have colonized one-eighth of all network air time available during daylight hours to propagate sanitary habits and moral values among the housewives of America.

In the medium of the soap opera (daytime radio serial to purists) the Hummerts have discovered and developed an art form admirably adapted to the pace and requirements of a machine age. They have constructed a belt-line technique of production so efficient that last year the Hummerts poured out 3,640 scripts totaling six million words to put on the air their 14 continuing soap operas. Of the 42 million daytime listeners in the nation, 80 percent of them women, few can spin their dials without encountering Hummert operas like "Ma Perkins," "Backstage Wife," "David Harum," "Front Page Farrell," "Just Plain Bill," "Lora Lawton," "Lorenzo Jones," "Our Gal Sunday," "Rose of My Dreams," "Stella Dallas," "The Romance of Helen Trent," "The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters," "Young Widder Brown" or "Katie's Daughter."

These 15-minute, five-times-a-week dramas are conceived in outline by the Hummerts, principally Anne, and written by 14 captive playwrights. "The damn operation is just like General Motors," explained a network executive. A Hummert aide prefers the historical approach. He compares the Hummerts to Alexandre Dumas, who employed 60 apprentices to help write his 277 volumes of novels and plays. "Not that I'd carry the figure too far," he added modestly.

Indeed, the Hummerts are modest to the point of silence on the nature and scope of their operation. While willing to praise the virtues of, say, Heet liniment daily over "The Romance of Helen Trent," they prefer to have as little publicity for themselves as possible. It is understood that certain enemies of soap opera have in the past placed upon the Hummert head a crown of thorns. Consequently, the Hummerts have developed a security system so tight as to be reminiscent of that enforced at Los Alamos. Top echelons of the Hummert hierarchy become noticeably nervous when approached for information. Like many of the characters in their plots, they suddenly develop amnesia. Even former Hummert writers (known within the corps as "dialoguers") who have been expelled for deviationist activities such as amputating the leg from a character for whom the Hummerts have a certain fondness, speak only in guarded tones of their period of enlistment.

Exploration, therefore, tends to begin with the soap operas themselves. To thwart undue excursions into this world, CBS has conveniently prepared a scientific document for the use of outside inquirers. The gist of this is that soap operas are commendable productions, and that listeners like them anyway. In its treatise, CBS has evolved a Happiness Index into which housewives with the soap-opera habit are neatly graded. According to CBS, 85 percent of the women approached testified that they were happy, except for a few bad moments. "This ought to encourage us all," concludes CBS.

One CBS official says she had considerable difficulty in persuading audiences to confess their addiction to soap operas. "They obviously listened, but wouldn't admit it," she said. "The exception was Memphis. All the women were quite frank about it there. The reason isn't hard to find—very little social mobility in Memphis." Questioned individually, most soap-opera audiences explain that the dramas help them forget they're doing the dishes, or that "they're so true to life."

Thus, in holding the mirror up to nature, our soap operas abound in brain tumors,* throat operations (Will Nora be able to talk again?), eye operations (Will Nora regain her sight?), acid throwing and other commonplace phenomena. A former Hummert writer warns that "car time" is presently approaching. The Hummerts' pique upon returning from England to find that a dialoguer had

* So popular did brain tumors become that they spread to Hollywood. Bette Davis developed one in the movie "Dark Victory." Considerable numbers of women subsequently turned up in hospital clinics with black hats well pulled over one eye and the unshakable conviction that they, too, had brain tumors. The symptom became widely known among medical men as the "Dark Victory" syndrome.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

carelessly amputated the leg of Pa Wiggs, a favorite character in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," apparently left its mark. The fashion now, says the writer, is to throw assorted characters under automobiles around the end of June or the beginning of July for what is termed a "hypo" during the slack summer listening season. The characters so maltreated lie in agony until the fall season, when their legs heal without the necessity of amputation.

The Hummert medical corps keeps well in the foreground of scientific progress. This clinical hierarchy once ordered a character to develop "hysterical blindness." The character having promptly complied, the ailment quickly spread to epidemic proportions. Such an impression did it have upon the housewives of America that the character's Hooper rating immediately shot up like a fever chart, and within a week four Hummert competitors arranged for *their* characters to go hysterically blind, too. "Young Widder Brown," a Hummert lady, decided on an interesting variation. In accordance with Hummert directives, she temporarily went blind because of an unfortunate allergy to chocolate cake. In such a situation the US populace works itself up into a grievous state of anxiety from which there arise, as the Moscow Radio recently noted in another connection, "sighs and groans . . . the sorrowful cry of millions."

Horned pigeon

REACTIONS are generous. In 15 years of soap opera, the Hummerts have amassed more than 50 million fan letters. Over an extended period of time, many listeners assume their serial characters to be real. Thus the producers of "Front Page Farrell," a Hummert opera involving a devilishly clever newspaper chap appropriately named Farrell, once received a telegram from a woman in the West stating her conviction that there was oil in her back yard, and that a smart man like Farrell could easily lay his hands in or on it. She offered, of course, to pay his expenses for the trip. News that a Hummert wife is about to give birth is sure to engender an avalanche of bassinets and diapers.

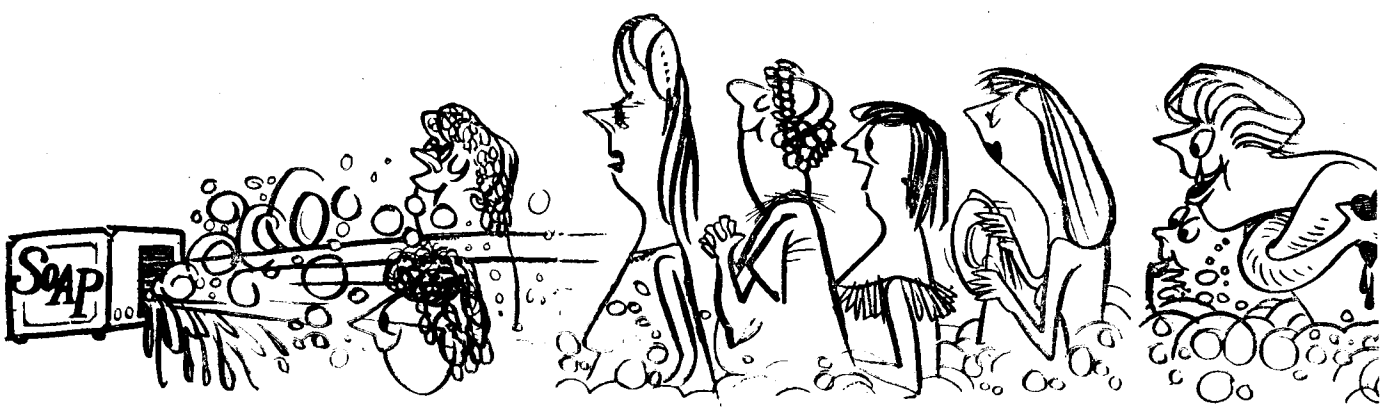
A particular target for confidential letters is "Ma Perkins," a small-town busybody described in a Hummert directive as "a woman with a heart of gold and a world of common sense . . . a philosophy of the Golden Rule . . . unselfish in her interest in individuals . . . doing unto others rather than doing others." (By a remarkable coincidence, the directive is almost identical to that issued by the Borden Company when promulgating a public personality for Elsie the Cow.) Some time back, "Ma" had a third child, this waif being left on her doorstep. Ma being undecided as to the advisability of keeping the baby, a minister promptly wrote in and offered to adopt it.

So convinced is the public of Ma's physical existence that CBS declines even to hint that the part of Ma is played by a professional actress. To CBS, the mere idea of revealing the actress' name approaches the bounds of sacrilege. Even the information that Ma lives in New York City rather than Rushville Center seems to them perilous. A visit to the studio for information on Ma found CBS publicity men in a severe traumatic state.

In Studio 28, rehearsals were just ending. Ma, a pleasant, gray-haired woman in her forties, was sighing into the microphone: "It just don't seem reasonable, now does it, Shuffle?" "Cut that last line," ordered the director, from the control room. "Reet," said Ma, sharply. "Reet pleat." Ma emerged from the studio, and a dynamic redhead, previously sitting in a corner reading the newspaper *PM*, sprang to the microphone crying, "Woo! . . . Woo! . . . That Oxydol sparkle!" In the safety of the Clients' Booth, Ma revealed that she had just finished reading her 3,621st script and was breaking into her fourteenth year as the Sage of Rushville Center, this being an occasion for presents of pillows and crocheted doilies from listeners far and wide. Some send her detailed maps of Rushville Center, and, if she is away from the show for any reason, listeners never fail to keep her informed of what has happened. During one of her absences a faithful listener hurriedly wrote to warn her that the local banker was up to no good.

Grunts and tremors

VACATIONS for radio actors are a bit of a problem. The Hummerts once handled this annoying interruption agreeably by arranging to have Ma held by confidence men for ransom for two weeks. In this connection, radio executives speak of one Hummert show in which the heroine was captured by savages and held in a cave gagged and bound, for her vacation period. The lady was kept in the script by grunting at intervals for two weeks, these moans of pain being charitably donated over



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the microphone by another actress in her free moments. The audience was enthralled. Hummert writers tell of one old lady, confined to a hospital in a dying condition, who expelled her relatives from her room and rallied her last strength to listen to "Stella Dallas," and shortly thereafter sank into a coma. She passed away unsatisfied, for in Hummert soap operas the last chapter is never written.

Such insight into the hopes and aspirations of America has buoyed the Hummerts through 15 years of soap opera. Their estimated minimum income of $300,000 a year alone testifies to a personal triumph of extrasensory perception. The Hummerts have little physical contact with the masses who daily undergo, according to tests made by Dr. Louis Berg, a New York psychiatrist, tachycardia, arrhythmia, profuse perspiration, tremors, gastrointestinal disturbances, emotional instability and vertigo while listening to their productions. The Hummerts live in a large French Colonial house in Greenwich, Connecticut, and do so little entertaining that the natives regard them almost as hermits.

Onward and eastward

FRANK HUMMERT, a tall, thin introspective man, was born in New Orleans probably more than 60 years ago. Reports of his early life are vague: some say he rode for two years with the Texas Rangers. In his twenties he went to work for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* dashed off feature articles, rewrote plays and for a time ran a school for writers. World War I gave Hummert his first real chance to mold the public will. He became a copywriter, and his slogan, "Bonds or Bondage," filled the government's till as none before. Jingling his reputation in his pocket, Hummert swiftly sailed into the advertising business at the close of the war; first with Lord and Thomas, then, after a time, with the Chicago firm of Blackett and Sample, to which was added the name of Hummert in 1928. There Hummert conceived the idea of the soap opera, the first of which was "Just Plain Bill," the story of a village barber who trims beards and confidence men even today. The idea gripped the imagination of public and soap manufacturer alike, and Hummert throbbed with activity and new serials. Advertising men refer to him with a certain admiration and envy as "one of the early ulcer boys."

Hummert would never allow women to work in his office. The exception to this rule was the making of the greatest team in soap opera. Anne Ashenhurst, a good-looking young woman with high-school experience in writing a lovelorn column for the Baltimore *News* and a stint on the Baltimore *Sun* and Paris *Herald,* applied for and was granted a job as Hummert's secretary. Together they turned soap opera into big business: by 1935, when Hummert married Anne after the death of his first wife, they were both vice-presidents of the company with a joint salary of about $150,000 a year.

In 1943, eight years and 30,000 episodes later, the Hummerts withdrew, soap operas and all, from Blackett, Sample and Hummert for reasons unclear even to the dumfounded trade press, and made their way to Greenwich to direct in much the same way as previously their own factory, Hummert Radio Features.

Boiler-room blues

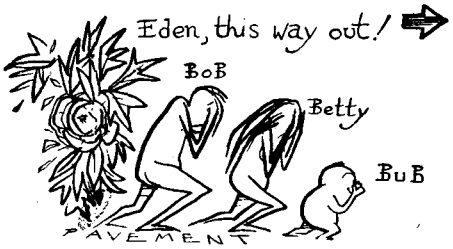
THE actual processing of Hummert soap operas proceeds within the Park Avenue offices of Air Features, Inc., an "associated" organization peopled with half a dozen script editors who are allowed electric buzzers and secretaries. Communications between the Park Avenue boiler room and Supreme Headquarters in Greenwich are usually in writing. Anne Hummert is undoubtedly the strategist. She manages Air Features, which she visits several times weekly, Frank now being content to handle the "American Album of Familiar Music," "American Melody Hour," "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round" and "Waltz Time," musical shows of which Frank Munn's sympathetic rendition of "The Rose of Tralee" is typical. Hummert takes this type of art very seriously, however. One of his executives once informed him in high excitement that Vivian della Chiesa, a singer featured on his "Album of Familiar Music," had been given the chance to sing under Toscanini's direction in Brahms's Requiem. This, the executive suggested, would be a golden opportunity for a high-toned plug in the "Album" program benefiting Hummert and Miss della Chiesa alike. Hummert was shocked. "Tell me," he asked coldly, "does Mr. Toscanini give *me* credit on *his* programs?"

To obtain a true understanding of the nature of soap, it is necessary

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to understand the basic formula involved in its manufacture: the addition of fat to caustic soda to form soap and glycerine. The Hummert formula for soap opera consists of an equally agreeable combination, wherein misery and the Golden Rule are intertwined to oil the lady listener into the satisfying confirmation of her own virtue and the hardness of her lot.

The majority of Hummert listeners being mothers, no mother on a Hummert show can be bad. And certainly not domineering. "If a woman is evil, she must be wholly evil," a dialoguer remarked. Mere implication of imperfect motherhood ruined one Hummert show, "Betty and Bob." This was the story of



a jealous couple whose daily bickerings had aroused considerable interest among the listening population until the Hummerts ordered the moody pair to have a baby. The couple continued to quarrel. The result was disastrous. Throughout the nation listeners snapped off their radios with a pout and a bang. "Betty and Bob," baby and all, were given their walking papers and driven from the studio.

Few men listen to Hummert soap operas, most of them being at work during performances. This, perhaps, is just as well. It has been calculated that in soap opera men cause twice as much trouble as women. In any case, the agonies of Hummert heroines are seldom of their own making, but are rather the result of circumstances beyond their control, such as swindlers, pettifogging lawyers and acts of God. Thus, as Professor Rudolph Arnheim remarked in *Radio Research, 1942-43,* soap-opera plots evoke within the listener "the satisfaction of being good oneself, while others unfortunately are bad. Instead of opening the road to humble self-knowledge," he added, "it nourishes the cheap pleasure of self-complacency." Curiously enough, one of the editors of the book in which this unkindly cut appeared, Dr. Frank Stanton, is now president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, and thus in the presumably ambivalent position of carrying five Hummert soap operas over his network while simultaneously receiving $3.1 million annually as compensation for them.

In devoting themselves to the public interest, the Hummerts are eager to supply the nation with further details of particularly dramatic stories. Indeed, the majority of Hummert soap operas could quite simply be reduced to two, "Stella Dallas" and "Our Gal Sunday."

The "Stella Dallas" operation involves the poor mother whose heart is broken as her daughter moves on in Society. Thus Stella herself is "the true-to-life story of *mother love* and *sacrifice* in which Stella Dallas saw her beloved daughter, Laurel, marry into wealth and society, and realizing the difference in their taste and worlds went out of Laurel's life!" And "Katie's Daughter" is "The story of Nana Harris, the lovely young actress who lives on Park Avenue. *And* whose mother is Katie Harris—Hamburger Katie—who runs a restaurant on the waterfront! This is the story of *two worlds*—which asks the question: *How far* should a *mother sacrifice* to give her daughter advantages in life she herself never had?" According to the story directive for "Katie," this is "the great American saga."

For the other Hummert theme, "Our Gal Sunday" sets the pace with "the story of an orphan girl named Sunday . . . from the little mining town of Silver Creek, Colorado. Who in young womanhood married England's richest, most handsome lord . . . Lord Henry Brinthrope. The story that asks the question: *Can* this girl from a little mining town in the West find happiness as the wife of a wealthy and *titled* Englishman?" And "Backstage Wife" spells "The story of Mary Noble, a little Iowa girl who married one of America's most handsome *actors,* Larry Noble, matinee idol of a million *other* women—the story of *what it means* to be the wife of a famous star."

The extent of the strife through which Hummert ladies are compelled to go on the road to happiness may be gathered from the fact that they have not only monopolized, but virtually cartelized, the handsomest men in the English-speaking world. Apparently it is to instill into the writers the proper insight necessary for understanding of this strife that the Hummerts demand of their dialoguers equally rigorous sacrifices.

Touching the forelock

HUMMERT writers must live—for radio men—modestly. The average salary runs to approximately $175 a week, about half the usual pay for daytime radio authors. Hummert men are paid by the script, thus eliminating the necessity of paying them on Christmas Day, which passes quietly without soap opera. Top-echelon Hummert executives, however, have been known to receive a box of cookies apiece for Christmas. All of them bow low to Anne Hummert's generalship and skill. An audience with Anne in her colonial office, whose blue walls exactly match the color of her eyes, is a matter of grave concern. Hummert executives have been observed to turn color merely upon being informed of an impending telephone call from Mount Olympus. On such an occasion, a secretary calls up with the following curt signal: "Please keep your line clear. Mrs. Hummert will talk to you in ten minutes." As H-hour approaches, the executive is likely to expel visitors, such as dialoguers with whom he has been quietly planning, say, a brain tumor, in order to brace his nerves for a few minutes before the conference begins.

For radio executives, Hummert men live withdrawn lives. Seldom are they to be found at Toots Shor's, "21," Colbee's, Lindy's and other network haunts. "They just don't eat radio," explained a writer. Instead, at night, they quietly disperse to the suburbs.

Most Hummert writers have never met their leader except upon beginning their stern commission. "I shall only call you once," Anne is likely to tell them with a genial smile, "and that will be to tell you that I no longer need your services." The new millhands, many of them hired through their writings in the women's pulp magazines, then retire to their homes and begin their classic dialogues. Their main problem is to keep the "story line," a brief Hummert

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

outline of the plot, alive. When the plot wears thin, they throw in a "hypo" to expand it again. "Matter of parallel lines meeting," explained one. "It's just like the Steinmetz theory." Sometimes Anne herself will suggest a hypo. "I am seriously considering sending David on an overseas assignment," she will say in a mimeographed memorandum on "Front Page Farrell."

Life in a revolving door

STEPHEN, the hero of "Life Can Be Beautiful," has had so many hypos recently as to be shot full of holes. They included (1) a trip to Europe to return a cache of stolen jewels and collect a reward; (2) meeting, according to a Hummert producer, "a sexy dame" who (3) drugged him, causing him to develop (4) amnesia, (5) imprisoned him and (6) tortured him and (7) caused him to believe that his wife was dead. Not unexpectedly, Stephen is now a hopeless cripple confined to a wheelchair, the arms of which he grips and scratches with such desperate frustration that Hummert producers have conveniently arranged to have this melancholy rasping sound introduced into the script at frequent intervals. What bothers Stephen is his wife Chichi, a seductive-looking girl who is trying hard to be a lady. "We can't come right out and say so, of course," remarked a producer, "but we try to imply that the real trouble with Stephen is that he can't. . . ."

Like most Hummert characters, Chichi of "Life Can Be Beautiful" did a good deal for morale during the war. She worked in a USO canteen. Anne Hummert, who personally anticipated gas rationing by buying two horses and a brougham, almost choked her programs with free rationing messages provided by the Office of War Information. The messages were worked into the soap-opera dialogue at Anne's direction, sometimes to the librettist's consternation. Listeners throughout the nation eagerly following, say, "Front Page Farrell" into the depths of the Brazilian jungles were apt suddenly to find him turning the conversation to the necessity of saving used fats.

Between hypos, Hummert writers can spin out an episode to interesting lengths. "You kill the whole week as best you can," said one. "You save your best punches for Friday." Particularly skilled writers can kill not only a week, but several. One character was kept in a revolving door for seventeen days. Another was left in a bathroom for four weeks. Every time she tried to emerge from this damp environment, the scene shot elsewhere.

Some Hummert writers become derailed by personal feelings. One man, after brooding for months, introduced into his scripts a mill owner with certain attributes he now considers not uncommon to the Hummert operation. In the course of time, he found to his dismay that the mill owner, a minor character in his story, became so vividly alive as to overshadow completely the central roles. The writer was informed that he had "lost the touch" and was thereupon expelled.

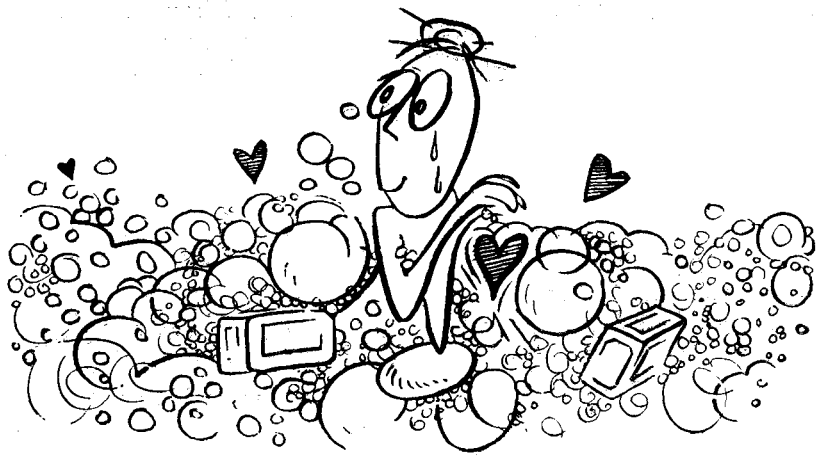
The Hummert organization has little concern for slow, tortured dialoguers. On the other hand, experienced librettists can choose their own hours for creation. There is no need to report in. (Any contact desired with Supreme Headquarters must be made through the chain of command.) Hummert authors may sit down with a Dictaphone, dictate 50 scripts in three days, then rush down to Florida to quiet their nerves. This speed is made possible partly by the fact that though each Hummert soap opera encompasses 15 minutes of air time, the actual dialogue fills only 9.5 minutes or so. The remainder of the time is taken up by such important matters as "lead-ins," "cow-catchers," "premiums," "hitch-hikers," "teasers" and, of course, Hammond organ music.

First comes the cow-catcher ("Today, when you're miserable and distressed from heartburn or that uncomfortable, overstuffed feeling of acid indigestion . . ."), then the premium ("Send today *without fail* and get, almost as a gift, the beautiful Forget-Me-Not pin David had Susan select especially for you . . ."), "mood-music" and the lead-in ("David has made the startling discovery that Dempsey Hale, an attractive and clever promoter, is a swindler . . ."). Then comes the dialogue, during the course of which Susan lovingly fingers her Forget-Me-Not pin.

After more mood-music there follows the teaser ("Will Linda's money be recovered?"), another gentle reminder of the Forget-Me-Not pin ("Just buy a can of Bab-O. Cut the word Bab-O from the label. Mail it . . .") and the hitch-hiker: "For free-flowing drainpipes, wash pipes every week with Lycons—L-Y-C-O-N-S."

Bubble, bubble . . .

UNDER such circumstances of crowd and urgency, the Hummert writer is delighted to get credit once or twice a week. The flyleaf of the script on "Stella Dallas" may read "dialogue by Helen Walpole," but the announcer doesn't always read it. "These episodes," he usually remarks at the lead-in, "are written by Anne Hummert." When this happens the writers don't worry unduly. After all, as the Hummert story directive for "Ma Perkins" so wisely remarks: "It is not money and high position that count, but what you do for others—what's in your heart."



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Mystic World of Arnold Toynbee

by R. H. S. Crossman

Professor D. C. Somervell's abridgment of Arnold Toynbee's massive *Study of History* (Oxford, $5) is a current and surprising publishing success both in this country and in England. The Toynbee theory of history appears to be making inroads into popular thinking and the editorial opinion of the press with virtually no challenge to its validity. We reprint here, from the British *New Statesman and Nation,* the most cogent refutation we have seen of Toynbee's philosophy and scientific technique. It is written by R. H. S. Crossman, Toynbee's fellow countryman, fellow historian, and a well known Labor MP. – THE EDITORS

TWENTIETH-CENTURY MAN is most clearly distinguished from his predecessors by his consciousness of history. In their study of nature, previous generations had discriminated successfully between law and legend and so laid the foundation of physical science. But in the Newtonian world, man was still conceived either as a moral being outside the sphere of natural law or as a mechanism explicable by physical formulae. Beginning on the historical side with Hegel, Marx and the Utilitarians, and on the psychological side with Freud, we have at last started to apply scientific method to the study of human relations. In so doing we are discovering—to use Toynbee's phrase—a "new intelligible field of study." History need no longer remain either a story with a moral (Plutarch) or a bogus branch of physics, chemistry and biology (Herbert Spencer) if the historian, building on the discoveries of social science, seeks to observe those uniformities through which the patterns of human behavior can be correlated—and ultimately predicted.

To this twentieth-century approach the *Study of History* claims to be a contribution. Its aim, in Toynbee's words, is "to do for the civilized species of society what anthropology is doing for the primitive," to make generalizations about the genesis, growth and decay of civilizations and to inquire whether, on the basis of observed uniformities, any predictions can be made about the future of the civilization to which we belong.

This is an ambitious project which, like the similar essays of H. G. Wells and Spengler, deserves criticism according to its own scientific standard. It is not fair to Professor Toynbee merely to recommend his six volumes as an ideal bedside book—which they certainly are. The question which the critic must ask himself is whether the method of analysis employed is sound.

For this purpose Mr. Somervell's abridgment is almost essential. It presents an unfinished original of 3,000 pages in 565 without sacrificing anything of the original argument. Undistracted by the fascinating *excursus* in which the full-length study abounds, and which make it as entertaining as Herodotus, the reader can concentrate his attention on the bony anatomy which, now that so much of the flesh has been cut away, projects clearly through the skin. And if the abridgment still seduces by the luminosity of its historical illustrations, he can turn to the arid twenty-page summary of its arguments with which the book concludes.

TOYNBEE recognizes that the prime difficulty of the scientific historian is to select the "field of study." The psychologist seeks to separate the elements of individual personality; the economist to abstract economic facts from human history; the anthropologist to study the relatively static patterns of primitive society. The historian must view each civilized society as a whole. Is there, as H. G. Wells and the diffusionists believed, a single history of the rise of civilization? Or are civilizations social plants which grow and wither away, according to Spenglerian social-biological laws? Toynbee dismisses both these hypotheses:

> Primitive societies, as we know them by direct observation, may be likened to people lying thwarted upon a ledge on a mountainside, with a precipice below and a precipice above; civilizations may be likened to companions of these sleepers who have just risen to their feet and have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

started to climb up the face of the cliff above; while we for our part may liken ourselves to observers whose field of vision is limited to the lower slopes of the upper precipice . . . the recumbent figures cannot be paralytics in reality; for they cannot have been born on the ledge and no human muscles except their own have hoisted them to this halting place up the face of the precipice below. Their companions who are climbing at the moment have only just left this same ledge and started to climb the precipice above. . . .

What is the climber's objective? Toynbee asserts—without argument—that it is neither mastery over the environment nor peace and freedom, nor yet beauty. The mark of the creative leader he says, is "etherealization," a mystical process of self-articulation through which he charms his fellow citizens into acceptance of his rule. The essence of civilization, therefore, is the response of the gifted few to a spiritual challenge and the willing imitation by the many of a leadership which they can never understand. When these two factors coincide, there is growth: when the minority seeks to maintain its rule by force, decay sets in.

THROUGHOUT the book, Toynbee implicitly identifies civilization with mystical religion. This would be an in-

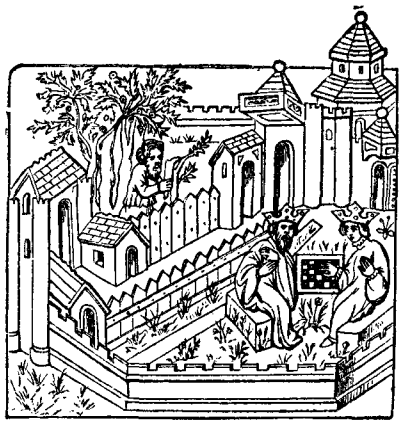
teresting hypothesis, provided that the author genuinely tried to verify it. But Toynbee never does so. He writes, like a musician, developing his motifs in a series of academic variations. Judged by any scientific or historical standard, the *Study of History* is a monstrous aberration. Its grandiose terminology and its Teutonic pretensions to scientific method are merely a stucco front to a Gothic catacomb of myth and legend. Toynbee has a medieval mind which, both fearing and despising science, condemns the pursuit of happiness and of empirical truth as unworthy of the creative mind. He displays the peculiar tastes of an English liberal, too skeptical to accept Catholicism, yet convinced that civilization can only be saved by the re-creation of an oecumenical church; too modern to deny the validity of scientific method, but too much steeped in Aristotelian logic to apply it.

Mr. Somervell justly claims that his abridgment is not dull. Indeed it retains all the allusive flavor of the original, its unique mixture of exquisitely precise writing—in such passages as the descriptions of American Negro culture and of the Platonic republic of the Osmanlis—and of most imprecise thought when he slides crablike through a series of superimposed analogies from a tautological major premise to an outrageous conclusion.

It is instructive to observe the various forms of faulty logic which Toynbee employs. The commonest is the use of words with a fairly clear definition—civilization, proletariat or decay, for instance—in a series of shaded meanings. Or, again, a general law is enunciated on the basis of one well known fact. Toynbee generalizes, for instance, that creative leaders "withdraw" to return with renewed spiritual power. This "law" is based on the life of Jesus. A good many pages later we find that Machiavelli is taken as a further verification! But the argument is not finished. Britain, we learn, "withdrew" from Western Christendom to return with the creative ideas of democracy and industrialism. Q.E.D.! Or again, the rhythm of disintegration of Hellenic society between 431 B.C. and the fall of

Illustrations from Picture Collection, N. Y. Public Library

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Rome was "three and a half beats," asserts Professor Toynbee. And in a jiffy he has found a similar rhythm in all of his 21 civilizations.

TOYNBEE delights in the circular argument. Confuting the claim that civilizations rise in easy environments, he argues that the Nile valley was really a difficult jungle when man first went to live there. Egyptian society grew out of a successful response to the challenge of the desiccation of the desert. He finds rough parallels in Mesopotamia and in China, where civilization also began in difficult valleys. Then he correctly points out that too great a challenge may produce ossification—for instance, the Eskimos—or collapse, for instance, Petra. So he concludes, as a good Aristotelian, that civilization demands neither an excess nor a defect of challenge, but just the right amount. The result of this argument is: (a) that a civilization arises from a challenge and (b) that a challenge is that from which civilization arises. The erudite circle is complete.

An even more disconcerting habit is the adaptation of fact to theory. Toynbee selects Athenian civilization to demonstrate his theory that the right amount of necessity is the mother of true invention. He concludes his proof with this assertion:

> The extinction of the Attic forests compelled Athenian architects to translate their work from the medium of timber to that of stone and so led to the creation of the Parthenon.

What evidence is there that the Attic forests were extinct when the Parthenon was built? None. What was the Athenian navy built of? Wood. The truth is that not necessity, but Pentelicon marble, was the mother of Athenian architecture. The law is false and the verification wrong. Or again, Toynbee states as a law that a growing society is peace-loving, a decaying society self-assertive. He verifies this law by the assertion:

> Thus on all the fringes of the Hellenic world in its growth stage we seem to see the gracious figure of Orpheus casting his spell upon the barbarians round about. . . . This idyllic picture vanishes in a trice, however, upon the Hellenic civilization's breakdown.

A cursory glance through the pages of any history shows that this is pure myth. The early Greek colonists fought the barbarians, and long before the breakdown, which Toynbee dates in 431 B.C., the Athenians sought to conquer an empire.

ARE WE, then, to dismiss the *Study of History* as an English imitation of German pseudo-science? So far as the superstructure is concerned, the answer is certainly, yes. There is nothing novel which is not faulty in the method of inquiry; and it would have been more readable and less pretentious if it had been written as a continuous history of the origins of our present spiritual crisis. On this topic Toynbee speaks with originality and consistency.

Western civilization, he believes, is not essentially a matter of science or technology: its true greatness is exemplified in the *Respublicana Christiana* of Hildebrand and the institutions of the Italian city states. It can only be saved from destruction if we re-create similar institutions on a world scale, avoiding the sterile anarchy of nation states and the equally sterile universal state which results from the imposition of its will by a single nation on conquered rivals. With the vision of Kant, he looks forward to a *concordia* of peaceful societies, but he believes that this cannot be achieved without the restoration of Papal authority:

> At this hour of decision at which we now live it is meet and right that all men and women in the Western world who "have been baptized into Christ" as "heirs according to the promise," and with us all the Gentiles who have become "partakers" of the "promise" and "fellow heirs of the same body" through the adoption of our Western way of life, should call upon the Vicar of Christ to vindicate his tremendous title. . . . To the Apostle at Rome our forefathers committed the destiny of Western Christendom, which was the whole of their treasure. . . . The punishment for the hubris of the servant has been visited upon us; and it is for him who brought us to this pass to deliver us from it, whosoever we may be: Catholics or Protestants, believers or unbelievers.

This passage gives the clue to the whole study, to its strange presumption that Aristotelian definitions are scientific, and its poignant belief that truth is found not by observation of facts, but by meditation on the symbolism of legend, myth and allegory. Toynbee is a secular Thomist who revolts in horror from the devastating results of the attempt of modern men to "live like Gods." He rejects the free man's faith in his own reason as presumptuous; and he dismisses as "ephemeral" man-made peace even if it endured for many centuries in China, Egypt and the Roman Empire. God alone, he concludes, can save—through His chosen instrument, the Vatican. The *Study of History* has a certain historical importance. Science still has sufficient prestige for an academic to assume its trappings in order to challenge its postulates. But it is a melancholy reflection on our age that one of Britain's leading historians should have so far lost faith in the values of our civilization that he must hope for a revival of myths and legends in which he himself cannot believe and of an ecclesiastical authority from whose shackles science and democracy have sought to liberate the mind of man.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Review

Ironic Speculation

THE COLLECTED TALES OF E. M. FORSTER (Alfred A. Knopf; $2.75).

THESE twelve fantasies, which, E. M. Forster tells us, "were written at various dates previous to the First World War and represent all that I have accomplished in a particular line," also represent, within their decided limits, virtual artistic perfection. They are exquisitely wrought, with grace, deceptive ease and great felicity. They have imagination without extravagance, charm without preciousness and delicacy without bloodlessness. They are neither coy nor whimsical, and there is always a hard core of unsentimental intelligence beneath their romantic paganism. As Forster says in his introduction, "Fantasy now tends to retreat, or to dig herself in, or to become apocalyptic out of deference to the atom. She can be caught in the open in this book, by those who care to catch her. She flits over the scenes of Italian and English holidays, or wings her way with even less justification towards the countries of the future." And always she is to be observed in tales that reveal their author's complete mastery of the effects he wishes to achieve.

They are winning to read and delightful to brood over in retrospect, and yet one of their chief fascinations arises, not from their chiseled skill, but from a sense they give of the limitless abyss lying between their world and ours. This is not because they were written in the early years of the century or that they tend to deal with Pan, non-movie sirens, dryads and an omnibus winging its way between Buckingham Park Road and Heaven, with Sir Thomas Browne and Dante as coachmen. We, too, have our fantasy, as any reader of the science-fiction magazines can tell you, but Forster is right about its purposes. It may not retreat, but it does tend to dig itself in or become apocalyptic. Usually it is didactic or given to comic-strip melodrama. What makes Forster's fantasy seem so far away is that, while it may be both satirical and aimed at making an editorial point—as in its mockery of H. G. Wells's scientific optimism in "The Machine Stops"—its essential quality and purpose are frankly and proudly esthetic.

IT IS somehow so remarkable to see fantasy employed for purely non-didactic purposes that a present-day reader, even when he is reading these tales for sheer relish, finds himself almost unconsciously looking for some bearing on the increasingly demanding world in which he lives. Perhaps that isn't altogether the fault of our time or of our current didactic fantasy. In part, Forster is himself to blame, because his finest novel, *A Passage to India,* is also one of the greatest studies of interracial tension and misunderstanding that have ever been written. It is natural that you find your attention particularly arrested when, in the course of the touching story of a woman's lost youth, "The Eternal Moment," the heroine says: "You remind me of my Anglo-Indian friends, who were so shocked when I would be pleasant to some natives." There is not much that is important about racial relations in the fantasies, but several of them are considerably brightened by the scorn with which Forster, who is no mean hater when he gets around to it, hits out at the snobs who bully or patronize races they look on as inferior.

E. M. FORSTER

The author's chief dislike is this racial snob, but he saves a happy share of his malice for the pretentious fraud who assumes a love of culture that is alien to him. The cruel, falsely humorous father in "The Celestial Omnibus" is an unpleasant character, but he is considerably less obnoxious than Septimus Bons, the literary snob, who wouldn't waste his time with Dickens or Fielding, and comes to a sufficiently unpleasant end as punishment. Or there is Harcourt Worters, of the gayly symbolic "Other Kingdom," who talked pompously of Latin as "so happy, so passionless, so Arcadian," and thereby becomes the villain of a story in which young Ford, who liked the classics because they taught him how to "dodge things," is obviously the hero. This good, healthy anger at the expense of snobs and frauds is worth noting because it is one of the traits that keep the author from permitting his fantasy to get soft.

It is in the anti-Wellsian story, "The Machine Stops," with its world of the mechanized future, that one naturally finds most of the comment applicable to the world of today. There is, for example, the idea, which must have occurred to anyone who has of recent years done much darting about from continent to continent by air or has followed newspaper accounts of the ever accelerating speed records of airplanes, that it might come to be less interesting to fly from New York to Lhasa in a couple of hours than to make the longer and more adventurous trip from one part of Manhattan to another. "Few

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

traveled in these days," says Forster, "for thanks to the advance of science, the earth was exactly alike all over. Rapid intercourse, from which the previous civilization had hoped so much, had ended by defeating itself. What was the good of going to Peking when it was exactly like Shrewsbury? Why return to Shrewsbury when it would be just like Peking? Men seldom moved their bodies; all unrest was concentrated in the soul." He prophetically tells of the airplane's determination to outstrip the speed of the sun. "Round the globe they went," he says, "round and round, westward, westward, round and round, amidst humanity's applause. In vain. The globe went eastward quicker still, horrible accidents occurred, and the Committee of the Machine, at the time rising into prominence, declared the pursuit illegal, unmechanical and punishable by Homelessness."

IN THE tale called "Coördination," the extremely intelligent schoolgirls hit upon an idea that might be of comfort to all of us in a day given to organized games of one kind and another. They played disorganized games. "Every one hid and nobody sought; everyone batted and nobody fielded; no one knew what side she was on, and no mistress tried to tell her; and it was even possible to play two games at once." It must have been an excellent school. For critics there is, in the morality tale "The Point of It," the special hell for those who give praise lightly. In it there was a reviewer who "was suffering for all the praise that he had given to the bad and mediocre upon earth; when he had praised out of idleness, or to please people, or to encourage people; for all the praise that had not been winged with passion." It is not the sort of sin that angry dramatists expect to see critics punished for, but it seems an admirable idea. Getting back to "The Machine Stops," there is fine ironic speculation about the thought that tenth-hand ideas are better than those which are first-hand, since by that time they will be safely removed from any blight of direct observation. These tales, particularly such enchanting ones as "The Celestial Omnibus," "The Story of a Panic" and "Mr. Andrews," are chiefly notable for their grace, but the occasional ironic speculation does add to the flavor. RICHARD WATTS JR.

Last Judgments

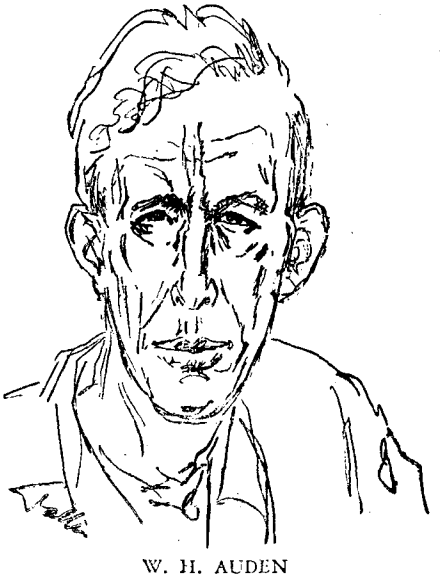
THE AGE OF ANXIETY, by W. H. Auden (Random House; $2.50).

THE AGE OF REASON, by Jean-Paul Sartre (Alfred A. Knopf; $3).

"Anxiety receives us like a grand hotel." – W. H. Auden

IT IS interesting that the dominating influence which the nineteenth-century Danish philosopher, Soren Kierkegaard, has had upon both the Anglo-American Wystan Hugh Auden and the French Jean-Paul Sartre has not prevented them from arriving at very different conclusions on some of the most crucial matters. For example, Auden is religious and apolitical where Sartre is an atheist and a political actionist. But, in common, in addition to their joint possession of extraordinary talent, they share the belief that the human condition is, in the phrase of an earlier philosopher, "nasty, brutish and short." Auden suggests, but in this instance hardly very forcefully, a way out. Sartre, if his deceptively simple philosophy is understood correctly, says we are in a blind alley, but that, manfully, we should make the best of it.

Anything either Auden or Sartre writes will possess some degree of interest, and their current publications bear this out, although the books are



W. H. AUDEN

Drawings by Dolbin

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

in themselves disappointing. Their relative failure is due in part at least to the uncongeniality of the form each has chosen. *The Age of Anxiety,* subtitled "A Baroque Eclogue," involves a cast of four very articulate people in a Third Avenue bar who talk largely in alliterative verse which too often produces the irritation of monotony. The burden of what Auden has to say is too heavy for such a fancy vehicle.

Sartre, on the other hand, has attempted to write a philosophical novel within the confines of the traditional French social novel. Thus we, and he, are never quite sure what we, or he, think, or are supposed to think, about his characters. The "hero," for example, will seem to many readers a wholly admirable character, although he—and possibly Sartre?—refers to himself constantly as a "swine."

THE AGE OF REASON," a literal translation of the original title, is the first volume of a trilogy to be entitled *Les Chemins de la Liberté* (Roads to Freedom). It is as closely plotted as any of Simenon's novels (to which it bears some striking resemblances). Reduced to essentials, it involves the attempts of Mathieu Delarue, a *lycée* professor, to raise 5,000 francs to pay for an abortion for his mistress. Those familiar with Sartre's conceptions of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

irony, absurdity, freedom, cruelty, disgust, etc., can guess how he has surrounded his central situation with a constant play of oblique reflections on the meaning, or lack of meaning, of existence.

The flavor of this book is excellently suggested in the following passage, the close of the novel:

He yawned: he had finished the day, and he had also finished with his youth. Various tried and proved rules of conduct had already discreetly offered him their services: disillusioned epicureanism, smiling tolerance, resignation, flat seriousness, stoicism—all the aids whereby a man may savor, minute by minute, like a connoisseur, the failure of a life. He took off his jacket and began to undo his necktie. He yawned again as he began to repeat to himself: "It's true, it's really true: I have attained the age of reason."

"THE AGE OF ANXIETY" is not one of the happiest of this great poet's efforts. In all his work there has been a conflict between facetiousness and wit; between something like smugness and genuine high seriousness. In this instance the less fortunate qualities have, by and large, won out.

The elaborate "eclogue" brings together a highly educated shipping clerk, a Canadian Air Force officer, an American naval officer and, on the distaff side, "a buyer for a big department store." We follow them through the evening at the bar with their conversation, their inner musings and a dream sequence in which the four characters search fruitlessly for the "route into hope and health." When the bar closes they go to the woman's house, where there is a moment of euphoric gayety. The older men depart, the youngest passes out. "Half sadly, half relieved," the woman decides that it is just as well.

There are brilliant passages in the poem: the reflections on war and history are reminiscent of such earlier poems of Auden's as "Spain" and the elegies on Freud and Yeats:

In the soft-footed
Hours of darkness when elevators
Raise blondes aloft to bachelor suites
And the night-nurse notices a change
In the patient's breathing, and Pride lies
Awake in himself too weak to stir
As Shame and Regret shove into his their
Inflamed faces, we failures inquire
For the treasure also.

But there are far too many lines like

Where gusts gamble over gaunt areas

to set the teeth on edge.

Although *The Age of Reason* is set in 1938 and *The Age of Anxiety* in a year during the late war, they express the mood of the immediate present: a bleak age in which, after the title of Kierkegaard's best-known book, we exist in a state of "fear and trembling."

GEORGE MAYBERRY

Good German

FOREST OF THE DEAD, by Ernst Wiechert (Greenberg; $2.50).

ERNST WIECHERT is not only a celebrated writer, whose book about the Buchenwald concentration camp has received unqualified praise in this country, but he has also been called one of the few Germans of the "inner emigration." He never left his own country, but defied the Nazis by discontinuing his university lectures and by protesting against the abominations of the regime. In 1938, after one such protest, the Nazis finally interned him for six months at Buchenwald. By his past conduct he is unquestionably an anti-Nazi.

Despite this evidence of moral integrity and courage, Wiechert has written a very peculiar book. He has chosen to tell his story in the third person, which unfortunately has permitted him to build up his own martyrdom in a manner incompatible with literary good taste. As his hero, Johannes, moves through the ordeal of Buchenwald, his halo grows ever brighter. Thus the "great spiritual experience" which no doubt shook him to the depths of his very German soul has been transformed into a rather irritating religious exhibitionism which makes the reader wonder what is really behind this colossal piousness.

During his stay at Buchenwald, Johannes-Wiechert, apparently for the first time in his life, came into contact

"Truth Is My Obsession"

The Alfred Stieglitz Memorial Show, on exhibition this summer at the Museum of Modern Art, New York, presents the fabulous showman of An American Place as both impresario and artist. The collection of paintings, especially those of Demuth, Marin and O'Keeffe, demonstrates his remarkable discrimination and foresight; the photographs are proof that he raised the craft to an art. Together, they illustrate his own summation of himself: "I was born in Hoboken. I am an American. Photography is my passion. The search for truth is my obsession."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with all sorts of "ordinary people." Some of them he grew to love, but even his love was patronizing. Wiechert's trouble seems to be that he feels it his Christian duty to love the common people.

The author has added little to what the world already knows about Buchenwald, but wherever he is merely descriptive, his language is poetically beautiful. It is, of course, important that a German should speak to his own people about the depravity of their former regime. However, this raises the question of what kind of German he is.

He is described as being "completely unpolitical." This in itself would be quite an accomplishment for a responsible writer in these times of political conflict. Nevertheless, the statement must be taken with a grain of salt. Wiechert is primarily a German nationalist, though of the decent sort. Among other things, he is an ardent admirer of such a questionable "anti-Nazis" as Pastor Niemoeller. Shocked as he is by the brutality of his countrymen, he is reluctant to admit their collective guilt. Instead, in a passage describing how the Nazis tortured the Jews at the camp, he obliquely concedes that the guilt of the whole Jewish people may be greater than that of other peoples, although it shrinks to nothing before the guilt of the "master race." This point is made in the original version only, not in the translation.

In the end, Wiechert concludes that "all fixed ideologies" are "evils," and offers us the "education of mankind" as a solution. Few will quarrel with him on that score, the only point is who will undertake this "education of mankind." The Niemoellers and Wiecherts?

As if in response to this vague program the Munich periodical, *Der Ruf* (the *Call,* liberal, but anti-Communist), has answered the writer in a scathing article. In this "first and last tribute of German youth to their poet," they declared that he was "not entitled to speak in our name," and begged him to return to the ivory tower from which he had so unfortunately emerged, before any more harm was done. Ernst Wiechert is perhaps a good German. But somehow or other he just doesn't seem good enough. THERESE POL

Radio

Wired for Sound

LISTEN carefully to your radio these days. And prepare to compare. A year from now, what you hear over your loud speaker may be totally different. Washington is seeing to that. Four Washington sound effects have been wired strictly for radio. There is the Lea Act, avowedly "anti-Petrillo," now given the nod by the Supreme Court. The Anti-Trust Division of the Department of Justice has thrown a charge of conspiracy to corner the world's music market against the voluntary organization which leases most of the music copyrights to radio, the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers. Senator Wallace White (R, Me.), who started writing radio legislation back in 1922 when he was a Representative, is at it again. President Truman has nominated Representative Robert F. Jones (R, Ohio), to membership on the Federal Communications Commission.

Then there is the Taft-Hartley Act. You've undoubtedly read more about the new labor law than about all the other developments combined, so I'll touch only on a point peculiarly affecting the American Federation of Radio Artists. All radio talent worthy of the name—actors, announcers and singers—belongs to AFRA. The union holds contracts with the networks, with transcription companies and with many radio stations. But certain stations have consistently refused to recognize AFRA or enter collective bargaining with it. Suppose, then, that Station A, which is affiliated with network Z, will not bargain with the union. The union declares Station A "unfair," so that a union actor would be a scab if he worked for A. That seems elementary. But Station A, remember, is an affiliate of network Z. The actor broadcasts a show over the Z net, the show is picked up by A—and you have the conscientious union-member actor scabbing against himself.

AFRA tried for years to get over the "unfair-station" hurdle. When it entered its negotiations for a new network contract, last November 1, it insisted upon the principle that the networks would, upon AFRA demand, cut an "unfair station" off the air under certain circumstances. The networks were stubborn. Their affiliates raised the roof. Finally, a compromise was effected—after AFRA had threatened to strike against the networks. Under the compromise, the two-year contract (expiring October 31, 1948) sets up a labor-management committee to educate the local stations in matters of union recognition during the first year. After the first year, AFRA can cancel its network contracts, reinstate them and cancel again, at will. That gives AFRA the opportunity of striking against the networks to cut a recalcitrant affiliate off the air, but the nets must go back to contract terms when AFRA says they should. What happens to this clause under the new labor law? Has Congress now banned what ABC-CBS-Mutual-NBC finally conceded?

THE appointment of Representative Jones to the FCC was a typical piece of Truman blundering. Commissioner Ray C. Wakefield's term expired this June 30. President Truman sent Wakefield's name to the Senate for reappointment. Then, suddenly—without notifying even Wakefield or the chairman of the commission—Truman yanked Wakefield's name and substituted Jones's. Drew Pearson denounced Jones as an isolationist, submitted affidavits showing that Jones once joined the notorious Black Legion. Jones came before the subcommittee and thundered blanket denials. Pearson repeated his charges openly on the air (on his June 29 ABC broadcast) and challenged Jones to sue. Jones chose to continue denying. It was courageous of Pearson, whose application for a radio-station license in Baltimore is before the FCC.

So much for Jones. Now there is Wallace White. He held hearings on his plan for a new Communications Act,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the latter having stood on the books since 1934. The new White measure was to include all the worst features of the radio legislation he tried to sponsor a few years ago in the company of Burton K. Wheeler, plus a few new gadgets dropped into the hopper as sops to liberals. It was a hodgepodge which could not have been anything but harmful. So keen, and unanimous, was the opposition to his bill that for the time White has drawn in his horns. There was a united anti-White front; the National Association of Broadcasters and the FCC opposed him; so did the Voice of Freedom Committee and the radio division of the Progressive Citizens of America. But White, while he may not be back in Washington when Congress reconvenes in January, will have his radio-legislation ideas pushed. He has friends.

FINALLY, there are the moves against ASCAP and Petrillo, which in a way dovetail. Both are designed to break the music front in radio wide open. ASCAP is not a union; it is a business organization. Back in the early twenties, when it started insisting that radio pay for use of music copyrights, there were loud cries. The infant industry was being "crushed." Radio organized the NAB, primarily, to fight ASCAP. Strangely enough, all three parties—radio, NAB and ASCAP—seem to have survived, even though copyrights assigned to ASCAP have brought decent revenue to the makers of songs and music. Now the Department of Justice is after ASCAP, via the anti-trust route.

Say what you will against Petrillo's arbitrary method of running a union, but I remember what I heard a year or so ago from a venerated old musician, known to millions through his radio work. He is foreign-born; his two prominent musician sons are not. He said: "All I know about Petrillo is this: In the old country, I played at weddings, got about $5 for a night's work, and had to wash the wedding-feast dishes afterwards. My sons don't wash the dishes." They get considerably more than $5 per minute on the air, too. And they're worth it, judging by the Hooper rating of their shows. SAUL CARSON

Farm

Farm Bureau v. Soil Conservation

IT LOOKS as if the American Farm Bureau Federation has won the first round of its fight to destroy the Soil Conservation Service. In the recent hearing of the House Appropriations Committee, Dr. Hugh Bennett, head of the Service, was subjected to bitter personal attacks and the SCS appropriation was cut more than $6 million—which the Senate will probably not restore—and legislation is promised for next year to get rid of the Service altogether.

Ed O'Neal, who has been president of the Farm Bureau since 1931 and whose plan was recently endorsed by the Chamber of Commerce of the US, wants the Soil Conservation Service split up into little pieces and attached to state and county Agricultural Extension Services. O'Neal's reason for attacking the SCS sticks out like a sore thumb. The Extension Service is, in many of the states, identical with the Farm Bureau. Control of the SCS by the Extension Service would be control by the Farm Bureau.

Few poor farmers belong to the Farm Bureau, whose organizers are largely paid out of public funds. Farmers claim they can't get service unless they belong to the Bureau. Here is a recent letter from a farmer in Arkansas:

"In this county the Farm Bureau claims a membership of around 1,000, holds a banquet once a year which about 25 big farmers attend. They select one of them as president—25 or 30 men do this—and he is supposed to represent the farmers. In this area, at least, you have to be a 'big farmer' and an active member of the Farm Bureau before the county agent will assist you in any way."

Here is a second recent letter from a farmer in another Arkansas county:

"I am a small dairy farmer. Our county agent, who is paid with tax money, spends his time looking out after Farm Bureau affairs and their members. God forbid that they should ever get their hands on SCS!"

In fairness, one must say that county agents, among whom the Farm Bureau is well entrenched, as a rule spend very little time on Bureau organizational work. But the relationship is an unhealthy one and it is obvious that a Farm Bureau man employed by the Extension Service would consciously or unconsciously give better service to a farmer who belongs to the Bureau than to one who does not.

THE way in which the Farm Bureau and the Extension Service operate is unique. Under the Smith-Lever Act of 1914, the federal government contributes money to the states for agricultural work. This year it contributed $27 million, $13 million of which had to be matched by the states. It is also provided that organizations may contribute, and here is where the Bureau comes in. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1947, farm organizations contributed $1,738,989.82 to the Extension Service, and practically all of this money came from the Farm Bureau. This is one of the ways in which the Bureau dominates the Extension Service.

The arrangement also works the other way around. County and state governments make large contributions to the county Farm Bureau. Twelve states have laws specifically providing for the sponsorship of extension work through the Bureaus. Donating money to the Bureau has become a common practice. The taxpayers' money and the Farm Bureau money is all mixed up. Here is a news item from Clinton County, Iowa:

"The Clinton County Board of Supervisors has passed a resolution granting the Clinton County Farm Bureau $5,000 to assist in defraying expenses . . . warrants payable to Farm Bureau treasurer."

The Farm Bureau has a long history of fighting federal agencies which were assisting rank-and-file farmers. It has wrecked the coöperative program of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Farm Security Administration, has done the Bureau of Agricultural Economics a good deal of harm, and in the last few years has been trying to gobble up the conservation program of the agricultural administration. Some Extension officials have been appalled at its growing strength. As one such official told me, "We helped create the Farm Bureau. Then it grew up and bit us." Attacks on government agencies by this farm organization stem from the desire to dominate every governmental function that touches agriculture. Farm Bureau leaders didn't control Farm Security, so they said it was wasteful and a threat to free enterprise. They didn't control the AAA, so they said they could do it better. They didn't control the Soil Conservation Service, so they said it was bureaucratic, that its work duplicated that of other agencies.

The action type of program whereby the SCS technician goes out and surveys a farm and decides how each acre should be treated would be eliminated. There would be no planning for individual farms. The farmers would not sign up with the SCS, though they promised to follow the plan worked out by the SCS technician. There would instead be the O'Neal plan, which would provide a demonstration model for every 50 farms. The farmers would come and watch if they had the time, and would on their own initiative put into practice what they saw.

Such a plan is bound to be a failure, because a farmer needs expert advice and assistance right on his land. He must know where the terrace lines are to be run and what kind of channels to build. He must know what kind of soil he has, what land should be put into grass and what should be retired. Many farmers, of course, have run contour lines or built terraces that stood up, but all too often the wrong kind of terrace has caused more erosion than it prevented.

Soil erosion and flood control, moreover, are not problems which the county agent can solve. When the Mississippi and other rivers were acting up in June, they didn't stop at county or state lines. They just tore the life out of several hundred thousand acres in their rush to the sea. The people of Missouri who suffered from floods originating in Iowa and Illinois know that no amount of skill or planning by the county agents could have availed to reduce the crests of the angry streams.

The SCS has done a splendid job. Even O'Neal admits that. And it should not be hamstrung by tying it to an organization that is under the domination, to a great extent, of a political pressure group. Soil-conservation work, if attached to the Farm Bureau, would become a political football subject to state legislatures. The program would cost at least twice as much to administer and would result in more, not less, duplication. It would result in 48 state offices, whereas the SCS has only seven regional offices. Planning and action programs against regional floods and dust storms would become impossible. The poor states, which are suffering the greatest erosion and floods, would get the least money and the states which needed the least assistance would get the most.

As WORD gets around of the threat to our nation's soil, various individuals are speaking up in favor of the Soil Conservation Service. One of these is Dr. H. C. Byrd, president of Maryland University, who came out against the Farm Bureau plan and paid tribute to Hugh Bennett as "a prophetic leader."

The day after Dr. Bennett had been treated like a criminal by Representative Dirksen (R, Ill.), chairman of the House Subcommittee on Agriculture, a spectator said, "When Elisha the Prophet was mocked by boys, God sent some bears, who tore them to pieces. Although we are living in a so-called enlightened age, and I guess I don't take much stock in the vengeful God of the Old Testament, I can't help wishing that the Lord would send some bear to eat up Mr. Dirksen also."

ANGUS MCDONALD

Henry Wallace

(Continued from page 15)

traveled from northern Alabama to attend, and were joined at the meeting by Bill Mitch, the progressive chief of the United Mine Workers in Alabama, who had come over from Birmingham. I was also pleased to meet such Southern liberal leaders as Josephine Wilkins of the Georgia Fact-Finding Committee, Lucy Randolph Mason of the CIO, Dr. Witherspoon Dodge.

AT BASE, the problem of the South is the same as it is everywhere—how to improve the standard of living by increasing efficiency and reducing exploitation. The South is not getting its fair share of the nation's income today. Improved fertility of the soil and expanded industry will be necessary to absorb the labor that will be let loose by the introduction of the weed-killing flame thrower and the cotton-picking machine.

The cotton-picking machine, drastic as its first effects may be in the absence of any planning for those it displaces, may yet furnish the basis for a truly liberal South with a standard of living comparable to the rest of the nation.

Though Southern feudalism, supported by Northern money, is on its way out, it gives up slowly. In the South, the bipartisan bloc works with a vengeance and in the name of a single party. And the people are beginning to wonder whether they belong in the same party as their exploiters.

But as the small farmers and the businessmen of the South really find out what has been going on, the Democratic Party will be a democratic party in fact as well as in name. You can't escape the presence in the South of some of the old Populist spirit, which did much to revitalize the Democratic Party half a century ago. That spirit is a fundamental ingredient today for a fully productive South tomorrow. H. W.

This is the last of a series by Henry Wallace reporting on his countrywide tour. — THE EDITORS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Labor

Waterfront Revolt

FOR the first time in four years, "King" Joe Ryan, boss of some 80,000 AFL longshoremen, is being confronted with a convention of his union. And for the first time since 1937, when Harry Bridges took West Coast longshoremen away from Ryan, the "King" faces the danger of an effective revolt.

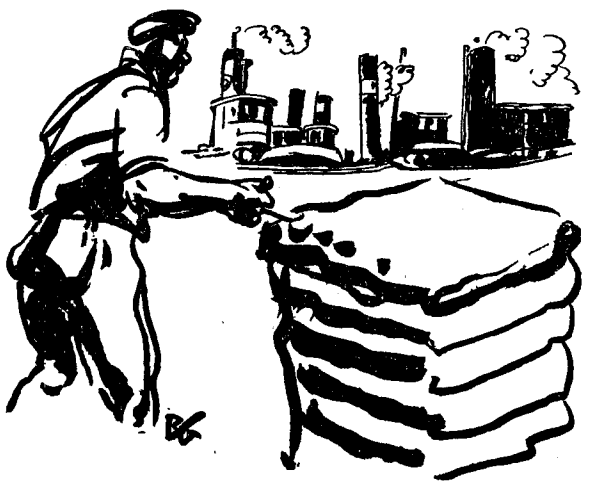
Ryan has been accused of virtually every impropriety and misdemeanor of which a heavy-handed union boss can be guilty. He has tolerated the ancient "shape-up," a hiring system susceptible to gross abuses and favoritism by both employers and petty union bureaucrats. The shape-up, under which men must show up daily with no assurance of a job assignment, was long ago replaced by the union hiring hall, with full protection of seniority rights, in Bridges' West Coast CIO International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union and in Joseph Curran's CIO National Maritime Union.

At the last International Longshoremen's Association convention in 1943, Ryan smoothly arranged to have himself elected president "for life." There were convention delegates who heartily detested and distrusted him, but they attempted no revolt.

In the interim, however, several things have happened. A Citizens' Waterfront Committee, studying the conditions leading to strife and violence among New York longshoremen, denounced the "shape-up" as the source of graft, gangsterism and corruption. The committee also criticized Ryan's union administration as undemocratic and notoriously racketeer-ridden.

A series of strikes conducted either against Ryan's open opposition or in defiance of his preference weakened the "King's" hold on his organization. In October, 1945, Local 791 ran a "wildcat" strike to protest Ryan's domination of wage negotiations. In 1946, the tugboatmen ran their own strike, which tied up New York Harbor and provoked a municipal crisis, but also dramatized rank-and-file dissatisfaction with King Joe. AFL longshoremen later defied Ryan to support a CIO maritime strike.

Ryan's familiar technique in handling his opposition is to call them Communists. Actually those longshoremen's locals which have been most vigorous in resisting the president are run along democratic lines. The Association of Catholic Trade Unionists is probably more powerful among ILA members than the Communist Party. So is Tammany Hall, which has long known how to use union politics for its own purposes. One of the ILA leaders occasionally mentioned as a challenger of Ryan is Gene Sampson, brother of Frank Sampson, who only recently was elected head of the Democratic Executive Committee in New York, at Mayor O'Dwyer's insistence. Gene Sampson is a veteran bureaucrat in Ryan's regime. Whether he could or would head a successful revolt which would transform the ILA into a democratic organization, existing solely to serve its members, remains to be proved.



Ryan has been able to hold on to his union leadership since 1927, despite his obvious deficiencies, largely because of the chaotic conditions inherent in the maritime industry, both for seagoing

Fabian von Schlabrendorff's true story of his attempt on Hitler's life, as told by Gero v. S. Gaevernitz.

REVIEWERS SAY:

"A grim adventure story . . . thoroughly absorbing."—*Saturday Review of Literature*

"His story deserves the adjective 'heroic'."—*New York Sun*

$2.50 at all bookstores **MACMILLAN**

They Almost Killed Hitler

MAGAZINE

The HUMANIST *Quarterly*
PER YEAR $1.00
PER COPY 25¢

IN THE SUMMER ISSUE

Humanism & Democracy — Corliss Lamont
Religion without God — Kenneth Patton
The Sectarian Battlefront — Edwin H. Wilson
Progressive Humanism and Civilization — Sir Richard Gregory

SPECIAL OFFER

Two Years' subscription and pocket humanist literature $2.00

569 S. 13th East St, Salt Lake City 2, Utah

Cut me out

Become a "Henry Wallace Subscription Agent." Earn extra money selling *New Republic* subscriptions.

Write now for details.

Dept. LA

The NEW REPUBLIC

40 E. 49 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and on-shore personnel. The Maritime Labor Board in 1940 pointed out that, though the industry is one of the country's "real lifelines," it is peculiarly unstable in furnishing employment. Fluctuating weather conditions and seasonal changes in demand, plus the general unpleasantness of work on the docks, invite conflict between management and workers, and the slow development of strong unions devoted exclusively to defending the worker's interests has played into the employer's hands.

All this has been substantially changed by the emergence of Bridges' West Coast Longshoremen's Union, which the Maritime Labor Board cited as having stabilized employment, encouraged coastwide agreements with employers and regularized the introduction of mechanized techniques. Seagoing personnel, both in the CIO's National Maritime Union and the AFL Seafarers' International Union, now works under vastly improved conditions.

LITTLE improvement has come, however, for East Coast and Gulf Port longshoremen, who are still controlled by Ryan. Ryan's union members have developed no mature collective-bargaining technique such as that stimulated on the West Coast by the masterly arbitration work of Wayne Morse, then dean of the University of Oregon Law School, now US Senator from Oregon. Though bitter disagreements over the handling of sling loads, the size of loads, the rotation of crews and the handling of "hot cargo" have been quietly worked out on the West Coast, they have not been solved in Ryan's kingdom.

One of the principal problems of Ryan's opponents in the ILA, as they approached the convention, was to agree on a candidate who could command the respect of varied groups even while they kept their rebellion under cover for fear of retaliation. If they are successful, the results will show up at the convention. If not, Ryan will emerge from the conflict still the boss, though his hold is not likely ever again to be so complete as it has been in the past.

WILLARD SHELTON

Movies

The Perils of Pauline

NO subsequent good or wisdom shown me by my family has ever quite erased their seeming cruelty in keeping me from the movies the afternoon after Pearl White had been left at the bottom of a well. The situation was as follows: somehow the dastard, perhaps William Demarest, had eased Miss White into this deep hole. At the top he had balanced a huge stone which was attached by a rope to the nearest Sequoia. Then he coated the rope with cheese, invited a few hungry rats to the feast, and went his way. The last I saw of Pauline, her little hands were clasped; her big, blue eyes were misty; her virtue was intact; and her future was problematical.

Now Paramount has brought out "The Perils of Pauline," which has some amusing moments when it shows the techniques and results of the filming of the famous serial, and which is inexcusable when it attempts to recreate the life of Pearl White. Granted that there may have been episodes in that life which would not fit comfortably into a decorous biography, any part of it, I am sure, would have made better material than what the writers, P. J. Wolfson and Frank Butler, have dreamed up. It is boring and long and for the most part untrue.

THIS movie is made as a period piece of an age unaccountably distant to the producer and to George Marshall, the director. The supposition seems to be that these days didn't really exist and that they had better be presented with lots of hokum and little sympathy or intelligence. It's a pity some integrity wasn't drawn on to show, for instance, the movie colonies of New York and Hollywood at that time; to my knowledge nobody has written movies of these people. Perhaps somebody like Orson Welles could report on the careers and fantastic doings of the early stars and directors and technicians—even if he left out the scandalous tragedies and murders and leaned on the various aspects of the hard work and the considerable inventive detail and artistry that went into their creations.

The new version of "The Perils of Pauline" starts with Betty Hutton as a stage-struck slavey in a middy blouse, working in a theatrical costumer's sweatshop. After several girlish fist fights (there are subsequently some scenes of pie-throwing, balloon-ascending, train-jumping which are wonderful in themselves), she delivers a costume to a Shakespearean troupe and somehow gets into the company. What happens from then on has become mercifully vague, but in good time she wanders onto a movie set, gets mixed up with some custard and a lion, and begins her meteoric career. Somewhere in here there is a love story, and at the end there is the scene when Pearl swings, too carelessly, from a rope high in the proscenium of a Paris theatre, and comes crashing down to the stage below.

Betty Hutton works terribly hard and John Lund and Constance Collier (the latter has a couple of magnificent

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moments) do what they can to help her through a sorry story.

Frank Loesser, who wrote "Spring Will Be a Little Late" and "They're Either Too Young or Too Old," has a few numbers in this picture, but I'm sorry to say they're mediocre.

"LIVING IN A BIG WAY" is a good musical as they go these days: it is superior to most and inferior to the comedies Fred Astaire used to make. Gene Kelly is a fine dancer, a clever choreographer and an ingratiating actor. He hasn't Gershwin's music, or the humor of Astaire's better pictures; within those limitations, he is accomplished. The making of the picture couldn't have been in better hands. Gregory La Cava wrote the original story, collaborated with Irving Ravetch on the screen play and directed the final script. Harold Rosson, one of the best cameramen in Hollywood, photographed it.

When Kelly dances on a lighted, garden terrace at night, or in the sun in an amusing duet with a hefty statue, the background bothered me. I don't know how Rosson could have eliminated the confusion brought about by rapid foreground action played against the broken masses of a garden background, but I have a feeling he might have worked it out. There was no confusion in the marvelously planned and executed dance number which is staged all over a half-completed housing project.

In addition to Kelly himself, the cast is excellent. There is a funny, arrogant, erudite butler played by Clinton Sundberg in a part it would have been difficult, though not impossible, to muff. There is Phyllis Thaxter, who is so right in all her roles that I wonder how, in the present state of casting, she ever gets a part. Jean Adair plays a grandmother, and Charles Winninger and Spring Byington play the parents of Marie McDonald, occasionally known as The Body. If this were not a dancing comedy, Spring Byington would annoy me. It seems only reasonable that when, over a period of years, an actress has established a characterization and when the lines leave no doubt of their intention, everyone concerned might let her indicate a little more and do a little less.

SHIRLEY O'HARA

A damning indictment of the Franco regime *by a Catholic liberal*

● This startling report is the first really complete story of Franco's Falange . . . the skill with which he plays Army against Church, Church against Party . . . the skill with which he turns Russian propaganda and the blunders of our State Department to his own advantage. REPORT FROM SPAIN is a vivid picture of one of the hotbeds of Fascism in the postwar world . . . and what we can do about it. *$3.00*

REPORT FROM SPAIN

By EMMET JOHN HUGHES
TIME Correspondent

At all bookstores, HENRY HOLT & COMPANY

SAVE OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

"Should Public Schools Do Church Work?" reveals an alarming disruption of secular education by released time religious instruction during school hours. *16 pages. Send 10¢ for copy.*

The National Liberal League, a membership society, solicits your support and membership in a campaign to maintain complete separation of Church and State. *Dues, minimum, $1 a year. Informative literature sent on request.*

NATIONAL LIBERAL LEAGUE, Inc., 38 Park Row, New York 8

PLANNING

A Broadsheet issued by PEP Political and Economic Planning

Recent issues of *Planning* now available are:

266—Recruiting Civil Servants; 265—Public Relations and the Town Hall; 264—The Locomotive Building Industry; 263—Clubs, Societies and Democracy; 262—The Moscow Conference—European Economic Background; 261—Active Democracy—A Local Election; 260—Men, Management and Machines; 259—Britain's Need for Brainpower; 258—Basic Problems in the Middle East; 257—U.S. Slump-U.K. Defence; 256—Europe and the Ruhr; 255—The Unmarried Mother; 254—Mothers in Jobs; 253—Manpower Stocktaking; 252—The Textile Machinery Industry.

Single copy price 25¢ *Annual subscription price $4.50*

American Business Agent

NEW REPUBLIC 40 East 49th Street New York 17, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RESORTS

YOURS! A little more than EVERYTHING!

FOR A WONDERFUL VACATION— MAKE SUMMER RESERVATIONS NOW!

ALL SPORTS (professionally equipped)... riding, top... indoor recreations. Arts and Crafts, good eating, merry company, entertainment staff, musicales, open-hearth fires, cheery quarters (regular or de luxe).

WOODBOURNE, N.Y. Tel. WOODBOURNE 1150

CHESTERS LUNBARD

A DELIGHTFUL HIDEAWAY IN THE MOUNTAINS

BYRAM LODGE

ARMONK, N. Y. Tel. Armonk Vill. 906

Only 35 miles from N. Y. C. in Westchester. Completely remodeled, all conveniences, new furnishings. Beautyrest mattresses, all sports, bowling.

Rates $60 weekly; $10 daily. American plan

American-Jewish Cuisine

N. Y. Office: 11 West 42nd Street PE 6-3243

35 MILES FROM NEW YORK CITY

BREEZEMONT PARK ARMONK, N.Y.

"A Country Estate in the Scenic Hills of Westchester County"

The nearest of all nearby resorts. Exclusive location. Luxuriously furnished. Dignified. All sport activities. Excellent cuisine.

Phone Armonk Village 955 — 973

VERMONT VACATION

ETHAN ALLEN FARM offers simple living, beautiful countryside, to a few guests. Interracial. $35 week. Write, Miss Reland Gray, RFD 2, Chester, Vermont.

$5 for You!

Get New Subscribers for the

NEW REPUBLIC

→ Many readers have asked for the chance to sell the New Republic to their friends. Here is your opportunity to have others benefit from the same clear appraisal of the news, the same firm voice for a progressive program.

→ For complete details about this unusual offer—by becoming a special subscription representative — write Dept. LA-1 at address below today. You will get a prompt reply to your request for information. No obligation, of course.

Write

Dept. LA-1

NEW REPUBLIC

40 EAST 49th STREET

New York, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

United Nations News

Crisis in the UN

THE United Nations has celebrated its second birthday. At a time when the world organization was receiving congratulatory platitudes from the statesmen of every nation, its attempts to solve world problems were reaching a new crisis: the Security Council was split wide open on the nature and composition of a world police force; the United States delegate stated bluntly that it might be necessary to use force to settle the Balkan problem; the Western nations were determined to reject most, if not all, of Russia's proposals for atomic control; discussions on the crucial question of disarmament were barely under way after months of delay; the Paris conference on Marshall's European aid program had broken down; the UN's commission of investigation in Palestine was becoming hopelessly involved in the Palestinian crisis.

With the Paris conference as an unhappy background, there is a growing feeling that the United Nations is heading for collapse, or at least for a bitter showdown. Surprisingly, the strength of this feeling increases with the distance from Lake Success; the men and women who work with the world organization on a day-to-day basis are less pessimistic than the general public. They refuse to admit, even to themselves, that failure is possible; they compare the UN with the League—a comparison that is still favorable to the UN.

One important Secretariat official points out that all the UN's major problems are to be expected. "Of course, after the world has survived a terrible war, it is natural that each country should look first to securing its borders, building its cities and winning friends for its future security," he says. "This kind of nationalism is always present after a war. As soon as the big powers have solved these immediate problems of national security, there will be more coöperation within the United Nations."

Yet there is a danger that during this period of extreme nationalism the UN will be permanently discredited in the eyes of the world. At least one high-ranking Secretariat member believes that unless something is done, and done quickly, to patch up relations between the United States and the Soviet Union, the power and prestige of the world organization will deteriorate to a dangerous level. He maintains that the only way to achieve agreement between sovereign nations is to give the UN a great deal more power than it has now.

Many members of the permanent staff feel that, on the few occasions the UN has been given a complex issue, it has confused rather than simplified the situation. They point to the work of UN investigating teams, in particular the all-important commission now investigating Palestine. In the opinion of some officials, this commission is seriously overstepping its bounds by advocating that the execution of terrorists be stayed. An Arab spokesman at the United Nations confirmed this belief with the flat statement that he expects "nothing good from the investigation and certainly nothing that the Arabs could accept."

WHILE there is general discouragement on this particular subject, one problem badly handled will not destroy the UN. It is significant that most of the delegates to the Security Council still believe that there is real hope for a solution on disarmament, atomic control and a world police force. Most of them consider these the three most political questions before the United Nations. One delegate frankly admits that "we didn't expect final agreement on any of the three until international relations outside the UN had been settled. . . ."

Another Security Council delegate estimates that, with the best intentions in the world, disarmament questions can't be settled for at least another two years.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Even if every nation made the act of ıith and agreed to abandon force, there ·e still a hundred technical problems ı be worked out," he says. "You must ɔfine the weapons to be outlawed—ıe rocket, the atom bomb, bacterio-ɡical warfare—as contrasted with those ı be merely controlled. You must ɔcide what proportion of each ıuntry's weapons, and which type of eapon, shall be destroyed; to what ɔtent military organizations and hools, as well as the weapons themlves, shall be controlled. . . . The ɔlitical decision to abandon war is e most important one, of course, ıd no big country has yet made it. nce it is made the technical details ill still remain but they will be much ore quickly solved."

THERE is evidence of discouragement at Lake Success, but it is ·gely a discouragement born of delays. ıere is unanimity of opinion within e Secretariat, if not among member tions, on at least two issues.

First, the United Nations must be ven more power and more money must be given the tools with which make the peace. As Henri Laugier, ɔsistant Secretary-General in charge of cial Affairs, told the Carnegie undation, "The immediate danger for e United Nations is not that it should ve grave problems to settle; it is ıt the world's great problems should settled outside the UN."

Second, the UN can be made to ɔrk because, while there is a real split ɔng the major powers, there is no mediate possibility of a third world r. This feeling was best expressed the president of Charles University Prague, Dr. B. Bydzovsky, who ited the UN recently: "There is ɔre pessimism over the future of the N here in the United States than ywhere else," he said, "and it is ɔcause you are always speaking in ms of the next war. But there can no next war, because the countries the world are too exhausted. For rope it is unthinkable. If your jourlists would place an embargo on the ɔrd 'war,' your people could think ɔre clearly in terms of peace."

JANE BEDELL

Correspondence

Postscript

[In its July 30 issue, the *New Republic* reproduced a Canadian government letter to the *Answer,* generally considered the chief spokesman in the Western Hemisphere for Irgun, banning the publication from Canada. As a postscript to that story, the publishers of the *Answer* have sent us the following note. – THE EDITORS]

SIR: On Tuesday, June 24, we received the following communication from our attorneys, Emanuel and Schure, which was addressed to them by the Department of National Revenue, Ottawa, Canada.

The letter from the Canadian authorities is quoted in full:

This will acknowledge receipt of your letter of May 26, including four copies of late issues of your client's publication, the *Answer.* In accordance with your request, the issues forwarded by you have been examined and the question of prohibition of entry reviewed. It has been decided to lift the prohibition.

M. GILMAN, Managing Editor,
New York City the *Answer*

"Maid Problem"

SIR: We were very much interested in the news story in your April 28 issue entitled "Maid Problem."

It is true that many of the Puerto Rican maids have left the place of original employment, and it is also true that some have become lost, but there is no evidence that "sixty more are suspected of having entered brothels." The half-dozen girls arrested by the Chicago vice-squad police were not in prostitution as the term is generally used.

Fortunately the social agencies of Chicago very early became aware of the problems presented by this group and have managed to meet the situation adequately. The YWCA in Puerto Rico asked the YWCA in Chicago to give recreational service to these folks, and from that has grown a general interest in the welfare of the Puerto Rican worker. Undoubtedly the alertness of the Chicago agencies has been instrumental in producing changes in contracts, etc., and will, we hope, eliminate similar problems in other communities which may import Puerto Rican help.

ETHEL R. McDOWELL, Director,
The Municipal Court of Chicago,
Chicago, Ill. Social Service Department

RESORTS

$40.00
& $43 wkly
$10 Deposit
Per Person

CAMP UNITY
WINGDALE 2461 Wingdale, N.Y.

Inter-Racial Camp for Adults
All Sports—Full Social Staff
(Program Every Evening)
ART HODES and Band
Space available week starting July 13-20.
Reserve now. Don't hesitate to call our
N. Y. OFFICE 1 UNION SQUARE, AL 4-8024
10:30 to 6:15, Sat. to 1 P.M.
LOUIS PASTERNAK, Mgr.

THE WOODLANDS
PHOENICIA, NEW YORK
FOR the SPIRITED: hiking, swimming, tennis, ping pong, handball, volley ball, trout fishing, archery.
FOR the LAZYBONES: Sound movies, modern library, recordings, open fireplace, good eating.
Art Classes Held by JOSEF ZENK
Rates $47.50 and $50.00 weekly
Tel.: Phoenicia 33F4 • Siggie Goldner

CAMP ANNISQUAM on picturesque bay at Gloucester, Mass., offers an intimate, unpretentious adult camp for your vacation. Salt water bathing on premises. Jewish-American cuisine. Write for booklet to Abram Resnick, Gloucester, Mass.
CAMP OPENS JUNE 17

HATHAWAY LODGE
OPEN ALL YEAR
Formerly the palatial 532-acre Macy estate in the beautiful "Hills of the Sky." Luxurious rooms, many with open fireplaces. Tennis courts, handball, badminton. Swimming pool, sun pavilion. Horseback riding. Golf course nearby. Delicious Jewish-American food. Easy transportation.
Attractive Rates
For reservations or booklet write or call
HATHAWAY LODGE, Haines Falls, N. Y.
Telephone: Tannersville 299

GREEN ACRES LODGE
CENTRAL VALLEY, N. Y.
. . . A Picturesque Estate . . .
Diversified Book and Music Library
Swimming Pool . . . Golf
AN ADULT RESORT 45 MILES FROM N.Y.C.
TEL. HIGHLAND MILLS 3071

MERRIEWOODE
A Camp for Adults Stoddard, N. H.
FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT: Beautiful Highland Lake, 10 miles long, with good fishing and free use of boats and canoes; interesting hiking objectives thru woodland trails; fine tennis and handball courts, badminton, shuffleboard, archery, riflery, croquet, ping-pong, square dancing.
JULY and AUGUST Rates—$55, $60, $65 weekly.
OLIVE H. G. BARON, Dir.

Stonegate LODGE
ON LONG LAKE, N. Y.
Informal Adult Resort in the Adirondacks
Fishing—Motorboating—Tennis—Golf
GEORGE KLEINSINGER, guest artist.
Open Thru September—Pollen-free
Rates $65-$85. N. Y. C. Off. 150 Nassau St.
WO 2-2900 Louis A. Roth, Director

HOTEL CAPITOL, LIVINGSTON MANOR, NEW YORK. Boating, bathing, fishing, all sports. Modern hotel with all facilities. July and August rates $40 to $48 per week. 4th of July week-end $24 for 3 full days.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUMMER SCHOOL

Holiday in Mountains of
NORTHERN NEW MEXICO
Ideal for artists, writers and musicians who want complete privacy and/or an opportunity to participate in the creative program of the San Cristobal Valley School.
Furnished cabins available. For details write:
BOX 214, SAN CRISTOBAL, NEW MEXICO

CIGARETTES

CIGARETTES—popular brands; minimum 3 cartons. Price $1.45 per carton; postpaid. Send check or money order. Ace Mail Order Co., East Orange B, N. J.

DEMOCRACY

DON'T give up this "last best hope of earth" (free pamphlet) Dranaherald, P. O. Box 172 (NR), Station W, New York 24, N. Y.

FARMS & ACREAGE

Good Seven Room House newly decorated; extraordinary view; one acre garden land; electricity; suitable for summer or year-round use. Quick sale, price $2,750. Easy terms. Berkshire Farm Agency, East Chatham, N. Y.

"GOOD NEIGHBORS" WANTED

CHOICE ACRES are offered much below developer's prices. Write Chester Rick, Peekskill, New York, Tel. 2515-M.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS

SCIENTIFIC HANDWRITING analysis. Alfred Kanfer, 62 Leroy St., N. Y. C. Tel. WA 5-0956. *Cooperating with doctors, psychologists, schools, firms, industries.* Lessons. By appointment, or mail. Marital, educational, vocation, psychological problems. Fee $3.00.

LANGUAGES

29 LANGUAGES by Linguaphone, Russian, Spanish, Portuguese — Direct conversational method of mastering any language quickly, easily, correctly at home. Available under GI Bill of Rights. Send for FREE book. LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE, 86 RCA Bldg., New York, CI 7-0830.

SPANISH, Russian, Polish, Hebrew, Norwegian, Dutch, Swedish, Japanese, 21 other Phonograph Language Courses. **All makes bought, sold, rented.** Free price list. A. Alin, 475 5th Ave., New York, MU 3-1093.

RESEARCH

SOCIOLOGY, HISTORY: You name the problem. I do the research for you and prepare your speech, publication, bibliography. European-American background. Fee or share of profit. Box 867, The New Republic.

SERVICES

WE PUBLISH and sell good books. Authors' correspondence invited! Daniel S. Mead Co., 200 W. 20th St., New York 11, N. Y.

STAMPS

FREE—to stamp collectors. Mint foreign set to approval applicants. Northwest Stamp Co., Fenton Bldg., Portland 4, Oregon.

TYPING

MANUSCRIPT AND THESIS TYPING, *intelligent, inexpensive. Ambassador Office* Service, 17 East 48th St., N. Y. C., PL 3-1364.

MANUSCRIPTS typed, mimeographing. Grand Central area, Suite 803, 110 East 42nd Street, New York City, MU 5-3846.

WRITER

EXPERIENCED WRITER interested in odd jobs while finishing book. Expert ghost and speech writing, research and translations from French to English. Write Box 967, The New Republic.

Music

Hot-Weather Notes

SEVERAL novelty recording jobs that have come out recently rate mention. Heading the list is the one and only "Strut Away," by the one and only Jimmy Durante. The Male Malaprop's latest offering stands up with such masterpieces as "You Gotta Start Off Each Day with a Song," "Who Will Be with You?" and "Inka Dinka Doo" (all of these, incidentally, may be heard in a Decca album), and it's a must for people who, like me, feel that there's no one in the world quite as funny as Jimmy. Reverse is "Feeling Mighty Low" (M-G-M).

Two more M-G-M novelties are "Waukegan Concerto" and "Bloop, Bleep." The first is a two-side production built around Jack Benny's famed violin exercise, and while basically novelty, can't help but show David Rose to be one of the most gifted composers in the popular field. "Bloop, Bleep," written and sung by Frank Loesser, describes a man being driven slowly mad by a dripping faucet. Danny Kaye has recorded it, too, for Decca.

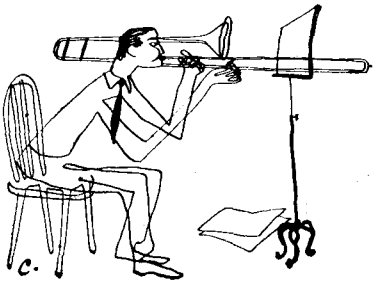
Many years ago, pianist Pine Top Smith made something of a name for himself in the jazz world by getting stabbed to death in a night club, but not before he recorded the now famous "Pine Top's Boogie Woogie," a 12-bar blues in which he gave instructions to dancers during the breaks. A newer version of this number has recently been made by Bing Crosby, for whom nothing seems too novel. The Decca record features Lionel Hampton's startlingly flashy one-finger piano and Crosby himself giving directions à la Pine Top. It's scarcely great music, but Lionel and Bing both enjoy themselves on the record, and you probably will, too.

Reverse, "Sunny Side of the Street," is somewhat more legitimate, with Hampton switching to vibes and the Groaner proving once more that he's still the greatest entertainer in the business.

Not novelty, but easily one of th best of the current albums is Decca book of Fats Waller favorites playe by James P. Johnston. Selectio include "Honeysuckle Rose," "Ain Misbehavin'," "Squeeze Me" and oth tunes that the great Fats immortalize Jimmy Johnston plays impeccable stu in the album, and though it may l sacrilege to say this, I'm beginning like him as much as I did Fats hir self, if not more. Of course, it's fr quently difficult to tell them apa but it seems to me that Waller er phasized humor, while Johnston lea toward a more imaginative style.

MORE 1944 jazz by Commodo includes Billie Holiday singi "I'm Yours" and "My Old Flam with Eddie Heywood's orchestra, wh some of the ancestors of bebop may heard under the name of "The Choc late Dandies" on a 1940 coupling of Surrender, Dear" and "I Can't Belie That You're in Love with Me" (1 inch), featuring Roy Eldridge (tru pet), Coleman Hawkins (tenor sa and Benny Carter (alto sax). Final some of the best men from Benny Goo man's 1942 band are teamed up unc the leadership of pianist Mel Pow as they play "The World Is Waiti for the Sunrise" and "Mood at Tv light." Outstanding musician on t date, to me, is Mel Powell himself, w doesn't let virtuosity louse up a col ful imagination and clean beat. Oth include Billy Butterfield (trumpet Lou McGarrity (trombone), Kans Fields (drums) and a clarinetist list as Shoeless John Jackson. You'll cognize him as Benny Goodman.

CHARLES MILL



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STAGE PLAYS

"A ribaldly entertaining evening" —George Jean Nathan
MAX GORDON presents
BORN YESTERDAY

The Nation's Brilliant Comedy Smash
by GARSON KANIN
AIR-COND.
NEW YORK · Lyceum Theatre
CHICAGO · Erlanger Theatre

"A musical sparkler." —Walter Winchell
MELVYN DOUGLAS & HERMAN LEVIN present
CALL ME MISTER
The Nation's Top Musical Revue
Music and Lyrics by HAROLD J. ROME
Sketches by ARNOLD AUERBACH
Production directed by ROBERT H. GORDON
▶ NEW YORK—NATIONAL THEATRE
▶ CHICAGO—BLACKSTONE THEATRE
[BOTH THEATRES SCIENTIFICALLY AIR-CONDITIONED]
"Broadway's Biggest Revue Hit!" —LIFE MAG.

—If—

you have a special need or want, or a special service or product to offer, use the classified columns of the NEW REPUBLIC.

Circulation is currently at an all-time high, well in excess of our guarantee of 75,000 net-paid.

Classified Rate: 20¢ a word for 1 insertion; 19¢ a word for 6 insertions; 17¢ a word for 13 insertions; 15¢ a word for 26 insertions; 13¢ a word for 52 insertions.

New Republic's
CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING
40 East 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.
PLaza 9-1600

Bandwagon

Turnabout

Partly to get even with Southern Democrats who helped kill their tax bill, the Republican leadership crammed an anti-poll-tax bill onto the House schedule for passage this session.

Representative Gerald Landis (R, Ind.) said:

"Since some of the Southerners opposed us on taxes, the idea is to put 'em on the spot. And if the Senate had not overriden the labor veto, we probably would have got out an anti-lynching bill." – *AP dispatch from Washington.*

Happy Days

The telephone strike is over, Wallace has come and gone. All's quiet in the Kremlin and we still have the atom bomb. Now is the time to buy that home you've been planning and saving for. Don't wait any longer; call us today and let us show you a few of the exceptional bargains that we have. Good homes priced from $3,500 to $35,000. —*Advertisement in the Austin* (Texas) Statesman.

The Tools of Peace

Other State Department sources said the sale of the ammunition in no way marked a diversion from a policy of doing everything possible to restore peace in China. – *Jack Werkley in the New York* Herald Tribune.

First-Things-Last Department

The Veterans' Administration Saturday said the number of World War II veterans claiming unemployment allowances declined more than 35 percent during the last three months.

It attributed the drop to seasonal increases in job opportunities, improved administration by state agencies, and the fact that more than 300,000 veterans have exhausted their rights to the unemployment allowances. – *AP dispatch from Washington.*

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. *Please enclose the original clipping.* – THE EDITORS

MOTION PICTURES

MANHATTAN
ALHAMBRA
COLISEUM
81st ST.
86th ST.
58th ST.
Bet. Lex. & 3rd
HAMILTON
125th ST.
REGENT
23rd ST.
BRONX
CASTLE HILL
CHESTER
FORDHAM
FRANKLIN
MARBLE HILL
PELHAM
ROYAL
WESTCHESTER
MT. VERNON
NEW ROCH.
WH. PLAINS
YONKERS

RKO
"HUMAN AND ABSORBING DRAMA." —N. Y. Sun
SUSAN HAYWARD
LEE BOWMAN
MARSHA HUNT
EDDIE ALBERT
'SMASH-UP'
— and —
'That's My Man'
Don AMECHE • Catherine McLEOD

BROOKLYN
BUSHWICK
DYKER
GREENPOINT
KENMORE
MADISON
ORPHEUM
PROSPECT
REPUBLIC
TILYOU, Coney Is
QUEENS
MIDWAY
Forest Hills
Keith's Flushing
Keith's Rich. Hill
Strand, Far Rock.
MANHATTAN
COLONIAL
B'way & 62 St.

RONALD COLMAN
'THE LATE GEORGE APLEY'
And Introducing PEGGY CUMMINS
From JOHN P. MARQUAND and GEORGE S. KAUFMAN Play
— and —
'BEDELIA'
Margaret LOCKWOOD Ian HUNTER
From VERA CASPARY Novel

RKO ALBEE FULTON & DeKALB BROOKLYN 2d Week
"DELIGHTFUL COMEDY."—N. Y. World-Telegram
MAUREEN O'HARA • JOHN PAYNE
'MIRACLE on 34th STREET'
— and —
'STRANGE JOURNEY' PAUL KELLY OSA MASSEN

"Remarkable and Praiseworthy."—Herald Tribune
EPIC FILM STORY OF STALIN AND THE SOVIET UNION FROM 1924!
The VOW
ARKINO RELEASE • PRODUCED IN U.S.S.R.
Stanley 7th AVE. bet. 42 & 41 STS.
DOORS OPEN 8:45 A.M.

"The PERILS of PAULINE"
IN TECHNICOLOR
Starring BETTY HUTTON
JOHN LUND
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
— IN PERSON —
"HOUR OF CHARM"
ALL-GIRL ORCHESTRA
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF PHIL SPITALNY
FEATURING EVELYN AND HER MAGIC VIOLIN
ELIZABETH TALBOT—MARTIN
NOW TIMES SQUARE PARAMOUNT Midnight Feature Nightly

Printed by STEINBERG PRESS, INC., Morgan & Johnson Aves., Brooklyn 6, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To demonstrate the kind of Fine Library Volumes members receive free

THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

will send you

for 5 days' FREE examination

All the Comedies & Tragedies of SHAKESPEARE

In Four Beautiful Volumes • Boxed

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN CHAPPELL AND FRITZ KREDEL

Retail Price $10.00

THE one indispensable in every home library is, of course, Shakespeare. In this four-volume Library Set you will find, handsomely presented, every Comedy and Tragedy he wrote and which every literate person wants to reread in moments of leisure.

KEEP THIS 4-VOLUME SET IF YOU WANT TO JOIN

—otherwise return it and you will be under no obligation

THE Book-of-the-Month Club is making this unusual Free Trial offer because it feels that, either through oversight or inertia, many people have not as yet carried out the intention they have long had to join the Club. This offer gives them an opportunity to see for themselves, without cost or obligation, the kind of books members receive as book-dividends, and the extraordinary savings they make on books they would probably buy anyway.

Simply send the coupon at once, and this beautiful new set of Shakespeare will be sent to you immediately. *With* it, the Book-of-the-Month Club will send literature telling why more than 900,000 book-reading families find it so much to their advantage to belong. After you have examined the Shakespeare set, you may either return it within five days and forget the matter if you decide that you do not want to join the Club—OR, you may *keep it* as a *gift from the Club if you do decide to join.*

Membership Costs You NOTHING

As a member, you pay no yearly fee. *You simply pay for the particular books you decide to take*, and you may take as few as four books-of-the-month in any twelve-month period. The Club's judges are sure to choose each year at least four books you will not want to miss, for their selections almost always rise very quickly to the top of the best-seller lists all over the nation.

In other words, our judges' choices are usually THE VERY BOOKS you promise yourself to read, not knowing they are books-of-the-month. Since that is the case, why not get such books as a Club member? You thus make sure you DO get and read them and, with the money you pay out for books, you get—through our book-dividend system—about twice as many books. YOU NEED NEVER TAKE ANY BOOK YOU DO NOT WANT.

You Get FREE Book-Dividends

With every second book-of-the-month you take, you receive —free—one of the Club's handsome book-dividends. These are beautiful library editions; sometimes two- or three-volume sets; sometimes popular best-sellers, both fiction and non-fiction. Last year, the retail value of the books which members received *free* was close to $16,000,000—these were *given*, not sold!

You Enjoy EXTRAORDINARY Savings

Since the books you take from the Club *are those you would buy anyway*, the saving is extraordinary. The amount you pay for Club selections is the regular retail price—frequently less. As a matter of fact, counting the book-dividends, the average amount members pay for all the books they receive is actually LESS THAN $1.75 each, which is far below the average retail price of the same books. In addition, savings are made by members when the Club's judges choose double selections; that is, two books are chosen and are sold to members for approximately the price of one book.

How You Get Only the Books You Want

This is how the system works: You receive a careful *pre-publication report* about each book-of-the-month and all other important new books, enabling you always to have complete *freedom of choice*. Whenever you want the book-of-the-month, you let it come. If not, you either specify any other book you want, or simply write, "Send me nothing."

Take Advantage of This Economical Plan

Thus, as a member, you are kept unusually well-informed *about* ALL *the new books*, you get only those you want, you often pay less for them, and—on top of that—on the average you get at least 50% more books for the money you spend than you otherwise would. You have probably been meaning to join the Book-of-the-Month Club for a long time. Mailing the coupon at once will give you an opportunity to make this *Free Trial*—without cost or obligation of any kind. (*Prices are slightly higher in Canada.*)

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB A30
385 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me, for free examination, ALL THE COMEDIES AND TRAGEDIES OF SHAKESPEARE in four volumes. I will either return it to you in five days, or I will keep it as a new membership gift from the Club. If I become a member, I agree to purchase at least four books-of-the-month from the Club during each full year of membership, and for every two books of the month I buy from the Club, I am to receive, free, the current book-dividend then being distributed. As a member, I would be permitted to cancel my subscription at any time after purchasing four books-of-the-month from the Club.

☐ Check the box at the left if you want to enroll NOW as a member. We will send you, free, ALL THE COMEDIES AND TRAGEDIES OF SHAKESPEARE in four volumes and the Club's magazine, the Book-of-the-Month Club NEWS, so that you can choose your first selection.

Name.....
Please Print Plainly

Address.....

City..... Postal Zone No. (if any)..... State.....

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada but the Club ships to Canada as members, without any dollar charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED